

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 14, 1941

## WHO'S WHO

JOHN E. KELLY has been a consistent and relentless opponent of Communism and Stalinism in all their chameleon colors. This week he punctures the soap-bubble blown up at most every party of loose and wishful-thinking liberals, self-styled. Let us be friendly to Stalin, and win him over to our side, they whisper; then they wither at the question: Will Stalin be friendly to us, no matter what we do? Well, hardly, if we look at the record honestly, in Moscow and in the United States. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, associate editor, pays a gracious tribute to the intelligence of a few modern leaders of thought who reach the conclusions that we, as Catholics, have always held as true. . . . FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN adds another chapter to his interesting series, now running in our columns for nearly a year, on the good and the bad in small-town government. He is waging his battle in his own town, but is charged with exaggeration by officials in well-governed communities. . . . DORAN HURLEY gives second place, really, to Mrs. Patrick Hurley in his story of the Old Parish. But she plays her role well, quite as well as in Mr. Hurley's two books on the lady: *Says Mrs. Crowley, Says She*, and *Herself: Mrs. Patrick Crowley*. With no malice, we trust the Sacred Heart Alumnae may now be proud of Constance Casey. . . . WILLIAM J. MCGARRY, S.J., editor of *Theological Studies*, essays in short space to explain that exalted spiritual concept of Reparation. . . . JOHN LAFARGE wanders, in his prolific writing, to the latter half of this week's Review. He is equally proficient in racism, agrarianism, internationalism, philosophy, etc., as in humanism, literature, music and art. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, literary editor, contributes an interesting background for a literary personage.

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# COMMENT

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TWO weeks have passed since the proclamation by President Roosevelt of the unlimited national emergency. Those who read in it, and in the fireside chat, the next to the last step in the inauguration of war were, some of them deeply disappointed, some rather cheered. For President Roosevelt, recognizing the deadly grimness of war now and the tragic aftermaths of war, has withstood the war-minded Secretaries and the war-pressure groups. He has refrained from all overt action that might shock the nation in its opinions as in its activities. It is disturbing, however, to learn from unofficial and self-constituted experts and commentators that the President's policy is that of "secrecy about war moves." This, gurgled the commentators, is giving the Nazi dictator and war lords paroxysms of jitters. The more the Nazis are really cowed in fear and power, the happier we are; but we have the news of their paralysis of fears only from the omniscient, bent-for-war experts. Meanwhile, the American people is concerned about the rumors of "secret war moves." The Nazis and the Fascists do the secret deed, and then talk. That is not the American way, though the American war-makers seem to advocate it. Since we are, by official declaration, in an unlimited national emergency, the people have a right to know what we are doing about things, especially things that lead to war. We want no undeclared war. We are entitled to know if our national intention is to use Nazi ships and planes as targets, or to maneuver our American ships and planes into targets for Nazi gunners. President Roosevelt has frequently declared himself in favor of the maintenance of peace; we trust that he will continue to seek the methods of peace. In this, he need not follow the policy of appeasement; he need only make invincible our national defense through our preparedness program.

DURING the past few days, those favoring war at any price continued activities. . . . In his inaugural address, Dr. Frank H. Lahey, of Boston, president of the American Medical Association, divulged his preference for the "hazardous undertaking." . . . A noon-day rally in Wall Street, New York, heard speakers of the organization, Fight for Freedom, Inc., which urges immediate United States military and naval measures. . . . Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve, of Barnard College, expressed regret that women were not being conscripted. . . . John Fischer, one of the key men in the Department of Agriculture, issued a memorandum urging his assistants to tell farmers by word of mouth that the situation of Britain was desperate and that an invasion of the Western Hemisphere might be expected within three months, if Britain fell. The memorandum concluded: "We cannot issue

formal press releases or radio speeches on the subject for two obvious reasons—it is not the official job of the department to discuss international affairs and indiscriminate broadcasting of these facts might play into the hands of the appeasement propaganda groups. We are requested, however, to carry these facts by word of mouth . . ." . . . Visiting this country for an extensive lecture tour, Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, English M. P., urged immediate union between the United States and Great Britain. . . . The College Men for Defense First, New York, after conducting a survey, declared that of 1,100 stories presented by the five American newsreel companies during the last three months, 500 have been about war, and that only seven of the exhibits showed the existence in the nation of a public opinion opposed to American intervention. . . . George Backer, publisher of the *New York Post*, and son-in-law of Jacob Schiff, broadcast in London, favored United States intervention. . . . Kenneth Leslie, editor of the *Protestant Digest*, demanded United States intervention. . . . William T. Manning, Protestant-Episcopal Bishop of New York, and numerous other Episcopal Bishops advocated American entrance into the war. . . . Secretaries Stimson and Knox, Senators Pepper and Lee, were characterized as the principal "War Birds" by the American First Committee.

NON-INTERVENTIONISTS also battled on. . . . Miss Catherine Curtis, of the Women's National Committee to Keep the United States Out of War, declared a nationwide poll showed 94 9/10 percent of the nation's women opposed war. She asserted that every one who voted for war-involvement voted also for Union Now. . . . Senator Tobey requested investigation of the report made to him by a "representative of one of the large chain broadcasting companies," that "many individual radio stations" are refusing to carry anti-war speeches by Congressmen. . . . Senator Wheeler charged that many radio stations fail to present both sides of the controversy. . . . Senator Johnson, Colorado, stated he would revive his resolution calling on the President to take the leadership in urging neutral nations in seeking to negotiate a peace. . . . Senator Clark, Idaho, declared the United States, "instead of talking war ought to be talking peace." . . . The convention of Knights of Columbus, New York State, adopted a resolution opposing United States involvement in foreign wars. . . . Senator Johnson, California, said this country's entrance into war "would be nothing short of disastrous." . . . The Keep America Out of War Congress met in Washington, opposed further United States involvement in war, decided, by unanimous vote, to campaign for the bill which



would allow the people to vote on war or no-war. . . . Norman Thomas decrying war entrance, said: "The propagandists of fear, having done their work, now admit that we need not fear an invasion. They now concentrate our attention upon Brazil . . . further from our own shores than Berlin. To seize Dakar, to protect Brazil, to protect Washington, would require us soon to seize Gibraltar to protect Dakar. That way madness lies." . . . Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, declared the United States should seek peace, not war. . . . 1,000 Notre Dame students signed an anti-war petition. . . . Representative Hamilton Fish deplored the influence of the "interventionist press," predicted Congress would not pass a declaration of war. . . . A poll of 300 college newspaper editors showed seventy per cent opposing United States intervention now.

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EFFECTIVE weapon in the cause of national disunion is the insinuation of splits and schisms among Catholics. The mere hint that one Religious Order or one group of scholars or ecclesiastics is "against" another, that some lean this way and others that in the question of war, peace, democracy, Fascism, or anything else in the public eye, and all the "bobs" and "bobs-major" of the *Protestant Digest*, the *New Republic*, the *Converted Catholic*, the Rutherford publications, will be set ringing in high glee. Most bizarre of these attempts is the effort to depict the Jesuits in Germany as the favorites of Nazism while the other Religious are the butt of Nazi persecution. A slight color is given to this notion by the fact that the land properties of old monastic Orders, in Germany and Austria, offer richer prizes to Nazi cupidity than is the case with the Jesuits. But when the Nazi eye is set upon a charitable or educational institution, no favorites are played in the grim game of expropriation and calumny. Some of the congregations, of priests or Religious Brothers, roused particular Nazi hatred by their care for the sick poor, their extensive social work and conduct of social organizations. Being obliged to exist more immediately by alms of the Faithful, they were the more obvious prey to the odious immorality and currency trials. But if the ax might fall more readily upon them, it was only with the intent to include all others in its ruthless swathe when the proper opportunity offers itself.

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FOR the benefit of those who may imagine Jesuits are rather enjoying things in Nazi Germany, it may be instructive to recall the shocking treatment of Father Rupert Mayer, Bavaria's most popular preacher, who was hustled into prison over and over because of some extremely moderate criticism of the Nazi religious policy. The German Jesuit, Father Spieker, was subjected in prison camp to filthy indignities that cannot be printed. Nazis robbed the Jesuits of the magnificent Canisianum in Innsbruck, where hundreds of the clergy of the United States received their priestly education. The Fathers returned one evening to find the S.S. in

possession, smoking cigars, drinking, with their supply of women for the evening. From the old college in Innsbruck, founded by Saint Peter Canisius, the Jesuits were turned brutally out on the streets with but a half-hour notice. The famous Stella Matutina boys' school near Feldkirch is now a Reich school of finance, the school at Kalksburg is now a Police College, and other Jesuit institutions have been suppressed. The ludicrous legend of a conspiracy between Jesuits and Masons was revived in 1939 by the official *Voelkischer Beobachter*. Jesuit sodalities and youth organizations have been abolished; and recent decrees subjecting to police authorities vocations to the religious life hit the Jesuits quite as severely as anyone else. The aim of the Nazis is universal and simple, to separate the Church from youth. Once the clergy have been barred access to youth, they may be left in peace for a time, but only in the confidence that they, and the Church with them, will eventually be extinguished.

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LAST week the United States Senate could boast of a full roster of Senators—all ninety-six of them sworn and in actual possession of their seats. This fact—one that is true for the first time since early January—leads us to remark on the various changes that have taken place in the Senate since the November elections. Only five months have passed, but four gentlemen now in the Upper Chamber are wearing their togas by appointment, and one of them is to lose his place at the end of next week. The record runs as follows: (1) Senator Pittman, of Nevada, proposer of the Neutrality Act, died last November only five days after his re-election. To fill his place, the Governor appointed Mr. Bunker, who took his oath on the opening day of the session. (2) A week later, Senator Neely, of West Virginia, resigned to become Governor of his State—a move precipitating the curious and lengthy controversy that ended only a month ago by the seating of Dr. Rozier as his successor. (3) On April 1, Senator Miller, of Arkansas, resigned to take a Federal Judgeship; to occupy his chair in the Upper Chamber came Mr. Lloyd Spencer, a gentleman of eminence in Little Rock and around the Red River, but so little known elsewhere that none of the newspapers published a word about his coming to Washington. (4) Senator Sheppard died a week later, and the vacancy thus created was filled recently by the swearing in of Mr. Andrew Jackson Houston. Mr. Houston is a courtesy Senator, aged eighty-two. Nobody expects the aged gentleman from Texas to contribute to debate, and his brief term will come to an end on June 28, when Democrats down along the Rio Grande will troop to the polls in a special election to name Governor O'Daniel, or maybe Representative Dies, to the job. After that, the Senate will deal with one remaining family question. On its opening day, the Senate permitted Mr. Langer, of North Dakota, to take his oath "without prejudice." It will soon examine the charges and protests made by his political opponents before his seating and repeated since.

SORROW and hope alike were expressed by the Holy Father on his name day, June 2, the Feast of Saint Eugene. "The horizon of peoples and of social life is dark," said the Pope, "and is, perhaps, to become even darker. But the sun of justice continues to shine and the Pope will be enlightened by the star of faith, hope and love."

NO instructions will be needed in order to guide His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, in the office of Papal Legate to the Ninth National Eucharistic Congress to be held in the Twin Cities, June 23-26. Cardinal Dougherty fulfilled this function at Manila in 1937; and has also had the unique experience of having administered, in succession, four episcopal sees in his long career.

FIRST professor of Oriental Languages at the Catholic University of America was Msgr. Henry Hyvernat, who died on May 29, an intimate collaborator with J. Pierpont Morgan in their joint enthusiasm for Coptic manuscripts. Born and educated in France, he became one of America's greatest scholars.

A CALL to the Catholic press of the world to repobate the horrors of the Nazi bombardment of Greece is issued by the Catholic weekly of Athens, *Katholiki*, in a letter sent to various publications. One of the most appalling of these bombardments was that of the town of Larissa, which was twice savagely bombed after it had already been devastated by an earthquake. Catholics in Greece, a small minority among their own countrymen, have nevertheless had to share the full brunt of the nation's suffering.

WITHIN a single week, news has come of three remarkable men, each of them eighty-two years old. The Reverend Hippolyte Delehaye, S.J., whose black-bordered death notice has just reached us, died in Brussels on April 1, after sixty-five years in the Religious life. He was president of the Society of the Bollandists, authority *par excellence* on the ticklish questions that are raised by the biographies of the Saints. Many a devout soul winced at the relentless applications of Father Delehaye's skilled historian's scalpel; but he operated with full confidence that truth surviving his sharp scrutiny would be more edifying than unsubstantiated legends.

LAST to depart of the three, on June 2, was the famous exile of Doorn, Kaiser Wilhelm II. The late Papal Chamberlain, Count Ernst Schönberg-Roth-Schönberg, who had many a confab with the Kaiser in pre-World War days, remarked of him that he shared with Pope Pius X and Theodore Roosevelt the gift of complete apparent absorption in the charms of whatever person talked to him. "And he had soulful eyes." With all his bitter prejudices, baleful ambitions, and his numerous eccentricities, he had still some of the elements of a gentleman and a human being. There is nothing to prohibit

saying a prayer for the repose of the soul of this man who wrote such a tragic chapter in history.

WHO could have foreseen the future of those three very disparate babies back in 1859 or 1860? Who can foresee today the effect on the future of the Church and the world of the thoughts and prayers of those children whom the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood enlists in its ranks? During the past year the American branch of this Association disbursed \$213,498 in the cause of the mission apostolate, which is always directed to the spiritual and temporal relief of poor and neglected children. News is encouraging that receipts of this great work have risen substantially during the past year; due in large measure to the toil of Fathers Rossenbach and Ackerman, C.S.Sp., past and present National Directors of the Association.

AT her present age of seventy-six, Mrs. Agnes Murphy Mulligan, who received in 1892 the first degrees as Bachelor of Laws to be awarded to a woman in New York State, observed: "All this talk about the choice for a woman between a career or a family makes me sick. If she has any brains she can have both. Especially if she has a knowledge of law." With a knowledge of law, she says: "I was able to save the homestead, rebuild my father's business and, with the help of my husband, enjoy a long and prosperous career." Also to raise seven healthy, happy and prosperous children.

SERIOUS warning against the imminence of "national suicide" was uttered in a report read at a recent meeting of the American Youth Commission by its director, Floyd W. Reeves, and Paul T. David, associate director in charge of research. Study of census figures, the report said, showed that at the time of the 1940 census the current generation of women of child-bearing age (14-44) was reproducing itself only to the extent of 96 per cent. The rate for urban people was only 76 per cent; for rural non-farm, 116; and for rural farm, 136. Some of the costs of child-bearing must be assumed at once by the whole people, the report said, by furnishing goods and services rather than by money payments.

SOME who have attended Eucharistic Congresses, national or international, in the past, have expressed the wish that with the theme of adoration, on these great occasions, there might be more expressly blended the element of (Eucharistic) Sacrifice, joined to the concept of the Mystical Body of Christ. Apparently this hope will be fulfilled at this event. The official theme of the Congress is: "Our Eucharistic King Glorified by Sacrifice," which will be pursued through all the twenty-four sectional meetings that touch on nearly every phase of Catholic life, public and private. The official text of the Congress will be the words of Saint Paul to the Colossians (1, 24): "I now rejoice in my sufferings and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh for His Body which is the Church."



# STUPID, WISHFUL LIBERALS FORGET THAT STALIN HATES US

JOHN E. KELLY

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RECENT demands in the House of Commons and the American Congress that the respective Governments make available to their peoples more accurate and complete information of the course of the war, serve to accentuate growing popular distrust of official communiques and inspired dispatches. We have all too often read highly colored predictions of imminent success, only to find them baseless and misleading.

It is high time that those who undertake to mold public opinion abandon the hackneyed device of "Russia will aid the Allies," which has been employed each time the course of the war turned increasingly against England, to buoy up hope and confidence. On twenty occasions since 1939, editors and commentators have turned to Stalin as the savior of the Western democracies in their hour of extremity. Cynical merriment must echo in the Kremlin at this crass misinterpretation of Stalin's position and purposes. The Soviet Union never intended to aid Britain or France.

Joseph Stalin is an Asiatic, as he said proudly to Foreign Minister Matsuoka last month. In this lies the key to his motivation. He has dropped the *world revolution* of Lenin and Trotsky as a prime objective, though it remains in his arsenal should a long war exhaust the combatants and render their peoples susceptible to the propaganda of the Third International. Stalin has turned his face east; he has become a national imperialist, rather than an international revolutionary. The Spanish debacle was his last adventure in the latter field, though his henchmen are permitted to practise in minor key, by fomenting strikes in American defense industry. That is "just in case," though it should demonstrate to our wishful thinkers which way the Moscow wind blows.

Stalinists in German-occupied territory today foment no strikes; rather they have orders to ferret out saboteurs and inform the Gestapo. The Soviet press and schools have disinterred Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible from beneath twenty years of proletarian obloquy and proclaimed these absolutists "advanced social thinkers," great Russians and champions of social justice. The Tsars wanted an outlet to the warm seas, and above all, India. So does Joseph Stalin.

Stalin's job is to maintain his supremacy in Russia and to strengthen Russia by territorial acquisitions wherever possible. Up to now, Stalin has emulated Japanese tactics of the First World War.

Japan took no major risks, committed her army and navy to no decisive actions; but, while Germany was locked in a death struggle in the West, filched Kiau Chau and the German Pacific islands. In this war, Stalin has profited without expense to Russia. His western frontiers are more secure, he has regained territory lost in the last war (a matter pleasing to all Russians, whether Red or White); he has settled the dangerous Eastern question, at least temporarily. Russia is better off today than in many years, and Stalin is, therefore, more secure. He will not throw away his gains, risk his power and life itself, in a suicidal attack on the German army. On the contrary, further and fuller cooperation is indicated. This is forecast not only by Stalin's assumption of the Premiership of the Soviet Union, that he may treat with Hitler on terms of protocol equality, but by the greater loot now in sight.

General Jose Varela, Spanish Minister of War and possessor of one of the finest military minds in Europe, said to the writer in the Fall of 1939, when the war was yet young: "People are confused (about this war) because they still think in terms of formal alliances, of leagues and treaties. This situation is different. Here are four powerful Have-Nots: Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan. They have no formal alliance, they may and probably do, each dislike all of the others; but they have their parts to play. They all want something from Britain.

"Moreover, their moves are parallel, from north to south, so that their principal objectives and the routes leading thereto, do not conflict. If now, and perhaps for years to come, Russia maintains a pretense of neutrality and serves as a storehouse for Germany, if Japan and Italy attract British fleets and armies far from the Western front, they are doing their part. When the British Empire begins to crack, they will flock in to the kill, to seize their allotted spoils."

As the French General Staff, having perfected the static defense and reputedly possessing the world's finest army, stopped thinking after 1918, so British diplomacy has shown itself outmoded. Not being a major military power, Britain has always required a Continental partner with a great army to complement the British fleet. Not Trafalgar or Wellington in Spain, but the Russian and Prussian land forces defeated Napoleon. After the fall of France in 1940, Britain was left without this essential element. She tried to buy an army to fight

her battle: 340 million dollars to the Turks have produced at best an uneasy neutrality; \$500,000 in cash, and a promise of a like amount, brought General Dusan Simovitch to overthrow Prince Paul. The wishful thinkers who chant amid the wreckage of Yugoslavia and Greece that it "was worth it, because it slowed up Hitler's timetable" are merely deceiving themselves.

Armies in being are always potential threats and the unsettled Balkans worried the Germans. The Germans lost less than 5,000 men killed and seriously wounded in the three-weeks battle of Serbia and Greece (for the *blitzkrieg* has reversed the dictum that the attacker suffers the greater losses), while the British lost the use of 1,300,000 men constituting the Yugoslav and Greek armies, from one-third to one-fourth of their entire mechanized equipment as replaced after Dunkirk, and priceless prestige throughout the world. Immediate results are increased Franco-German collaboration, the Russo-Japanese pact and Stalin's emergence as Premier.

There remain two powers capable of placing millions of men in the field, and only an army of millions can confront the Third Reich on the European mainland; the United States and Soviet Russia. Our Army is far from ready. Stalin will not fight for the democracies, whose political systems he fears, and whose economy he has witnessed in collapse.

Stalin *did* and probably does desire the exhaustion of all combatants. Meantime, he is perfectly willing to derive advantages from all concerned: machinery and materials from the United States, where important official elements have shown persistent sympathy for the Soviet regime, and where others hoped futilely to "hold Russia in line" by such concessions, thereby displaying ignorance of Oriental psychology. Stalin cannot be bought because England will not pay his price. But on his side, Hitler can well afford to offer Russia other people's property. Eastern Poland, the Baltic States, Bessarabia were *hors d'oeuvres* to whet Moscow's appetite. Persia, Afghanistan and perhaps Kars and Armenia are the entrees. Sinkiang and Mongolia are already on the table, but the *pièce de resistance* is India.

If, with or without German help, Stalin can annex India, he will of right have elbowed aside Peter the Great as the architect of Russian empire. Today, and even through the Finnish war, 600,000 of the finest Russian troops are stationed, not on the Polish or Rumanian borders, as the wishful thinkers would have us believe, but peeping over the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan. Their supply services (engineers, communications, motor transit, supplies) are officered by Germans. Hurrying down the strategic Turk-Sib Railway to join them is the bulk of the crack First Special Far Eastern Red Banner Army, Stalin's pride, released from the Manchurian border by the Matsuoka agreement.

One of the most persistent chimeras of the wishful thinkers has been that "Hitler will attack the Ukraine, the bread basket of Europe" and they

point to early editions of *Mein Kampf* as proof of his intention. Whatever the youthful dreamer may have written about the fertility of the Ukraine, the German General Staff knows better. The latest false hope was that the Soviet ban on war materials crossing Russian territory was directed against the Reich and denoted tension in relations. The decree related to machine tools, which Russia does not ship to Germany, but did ship to China. It specifically exempted raw materials, for use in war industries, which Russia continues to send to Germany in great quantities. The Soviet decree was tightening the screws on Chiang Kai-shek.

It has been the policy of the German and Russian propaganda machines to put out stories at frequent intervals alleging friction or cooling in Russian-German relations, massing of troops on the common borders, campaigns in the controlled presses. These are intended to produce exactly the effect that they do, and the propagandists are overjoyed when democratic commentators and editors give them space and prominence. The peoples of the democracies are buoyed up by false hopes, that they may be dashed into despair when the Kremlin and the Wilhelmstrasse mockingly prick the bubble.

It is not contended that Germany and Russia see eye to eye; indeed there is neither liking nor trust on either side of the frontier. Stalin has a nuisance value to Hitler and being patient and sufficiently stubborn, he gets his price on each occasion. The Germans want from Stalin raw materials, threats and eventual flank attacks on the British Empire, peace with Japan to leave the latter a free hand in the Far East.

Stalin's bread is buttered on the German side; as long as Hitler is winning or holding his own, Stalin will play along, since Germany is the only place where he can today make profitable deals. He loses nothing in accepting the Persian Gulf: if Germany loses, he can try for the Dardanelles later. No love of Germany is implied in Stalin's acquiescence. But equally, the master of the Kremlin loses no affection on London, and being Asiatic, he is tremendously impressed by military force and conquest of territory.

If the wishful thinkers take off the rose-colored glasses, they will see the Russian situation in its stark reality: Stalin wants no war (he does not trust his army too far). He wants easy pickings. He does not fear the democracies, for they cannot get at him. He does fear the Germans, for the opposite reason. Increasingly he depends upon German technical skill to hold his empire together, and he is awed by German prowess.

He will remain on formal diplomatic good terms with the democracies, as an anchor to windward, and while he can bluff or wheedle the democracies into selling him machinery and supplies. But his thin pretense of friendliness would vanish in an instant in the face of bribes or demands from Berlin or Tokio. Stalin's policy is opportunism, not principle. Indeed, it must be. If Russia fought Germany and by a miracle survived and saved the Allies, Stalin and Communism would find themselves at the mercy of the democracies after the war.



# THE TRUTH IS ALWAYS THERE FOR THOSE WHO THINK TO FIND IT

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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TO those Catholics who will not be classified among the goats, the day of General Judgment will bring numerous and intense gratifications. Not the least of these will be the final and total vindication of the Catholic Church. Then will be witnessed, on a much vaster scale, the phenomenon that was observed after the recent Hitler-Stalin pact, when hordes of "liberal" fellow-travelers commenced rushing for the anti-Communist bandwagon. On the last of the days, there will be, so to speak, a wild scramble for the Catholic bandwagon. Then will occur the *volte-face par excellence*. One will hear the professors who converted academic halls into breeding grounds for atheism and the students infected by the professors talking like medieval theologians of the more conservative type. The mercy-killers will oppose homicide; the monkey-origin theorists will flush at the mention of gorillas. Planned parenthood will be denounced by the birth-controllers, while the sanctity of marriage is being upheld by the erstwhile champions of divorce. Support for Catholic doctrine will be unanimous, and will pour in from the most unexpected sources.

For on that ultimate day, the Catholic Church, Cinderella-like, will appear radiant and triumphant before her step-mother, the world. To all mankind it will be made crystal clear how right the Church always was. Men will see how correct was her insistence on prayer, on the sacredness of the marriage bond; how sound, her lonely campaign against birth control, against godless education, against the Darwin brand of science and other fallacies.

It will be a marvelous scene, but one we cannot expect to see before the time ordained. We do, however, now and then, get tiny, fugitive glimpses of what the scene will be like. Every so often, a sort of preview of the final full-length vindication of the Catholic position flashes across the screen of modern life, as some issue the Church is battling for, some doctrinal point she is emphasizing, receive unexpected and startling support from the most amazing sources. A preview of this kind, indeed, has been running across life's screen during the last few weeks. Its component parts appeared in a book, a newspaper and two magazines.

Laudation by the Church of the practice of prayer is the usual thing. Most unusual, however, is laudation of prayer by a modern scientist. Moreover, the fact that the laudation in question appears in the *Readers' Digest*, which only recently published in quick succession condensations of two

books radiating a distinctly anti-Catholic flavor, does not diminish the note of unusualness. The article, entitled *Prayer Is Power*, is from the pen of Dr. Alexis Carrel, Nobel prize-winner.

Dr. Carrel defines prayer as "the effort of man to reach God, to commune with an invisible being, creator of all things, supreme wisdom, truth, beauty and strength." He is emphatic about the necessity and value of prayer, characterizing it as "indispensable to the fullest development of personality," and detailing its profoundly beneficial effects on the mind and body of man. "Prayer," says Dr. Carrel, "should be regarded as practice of the Presence of God . . . Man prays not only that God should remember him, but also that he should remember God . . . prayer must become a habit." Dr. Carrel's disquisition on prayer, for the most part, sees eye to eye with the age-old Catholic teaching on the subject.

The second reel of the preview comes from one of the world's greatest newspapers. A front page in a Catholic periodical devoted to the thesis that the haywire modern mind has been formed by false prophets, such as Hegel, Nietzsche, Darwin, Marx and others, would occasion no surprise. The Church, a Voice in the Wilderness, has been hammering on that theme for years. But imagine who now turns in a front page to the same general effect. Believe it or not—the New York Times Sunday Book Review Section. It must be recalled that the *Times* does not give front-page billing unless it regards a book as most significant.

The headline topping the page in question reads: *The Men Who Shaped Our Time. A Challenging Study of the Influence of Darwin, Wagner and Marx*. Then follows a review by Henry James Forman of Jacques Barzun's book: *Darwin, Marx, Wagner, Critique of a Heritage*. Mr. Forman calls attention to the numerous inquiries being made "concerning the causes for the present débâcle of centuries of civilization," and states that "one of the most thoughtful and original" of these inquiries is Mr. Barzun's analysis of the work of three individuals, Charles Darwin, Karl Marx and Richard Wagner, "who, he believes, had a major share in shaping the modern mind."

The reviewer's attitude is sympathetic. He says:

Mr. Barzun's treatment is not a mere assault on these men. He undertakes to trace their influence on world thought and to show that this influence has proved not only deleterious but cataclysmic. He holds they made the final separation between man

and his soul by the mechanical materialism involved in their theories and the banishing of purpose from life. . . .

Some eighty years ago, Darwin, Marx and Wagner commenced working on their contribution to the modern mind. Continues the reviewer:

In the author's view, natural selection, the class struggle and the "Wagnerian warriors" were sowing the harvest we are now reaping. . . . Darwin's natural selection was described by Adam Sedgwick as a "dish of rank materialism cleverly cooked and served up merely to make us independent of a Creator." . . . Marx's gift to sociology, as Mr. Barzun sees it, is the materialistic conception of history, and his message to the masses is the Class War. . . . Wagner [has] responsibility for the Nazi creed. . . .

The reviewer concludes: "Mr. Barzun has written a vital, full-bodied, thought-provoking book." When men like Barzun, Forman, and a newspaper like the *New York Times* approach so close to the Catholic attitude concerning the diseased foundations of the modern mind, it does give one some faint idea of what that final, triumphant vindication of the Catholic position will be like.

The third reel in the preview derives from a book just off the presses, entitled: *An Introduction to the Social Sciences*, written by eight Dartmouth professors. They are blind to the real identity of the Church, but they dimly glimpse something remarkable about her. Of the Catholic Church, the book says:

This venerable organization is one of the most powerful institutions that the world has ever seen. The traditional wisdom of the Church has been handed down in unbroken succession from the early days of the Christian era to the present time. As the functionaries of the Church slowly ascend its imposing hierarchy, they are gradually given access to all of the profound wisdom which the Church has acquired from its two thousand years of dealing with weak and erring human beings. . . . This storehouse of knowledge is unique in human history. It indicates clearly the role of transmission which other institutions can only approach. . . . In the two aspects of institutional life—the conceptual and the structural—the Catholic Church has played an important social role in Western European civilization.

The underlying reason which makes the Church so unique escapes the professors altogether. Their pronouncement, however, may be construed as a far-off, stuttering approach to that complete awareness of the Church's identity which will dawn on all the world's professors one day.

In the fourth reel of the preview, the Catholic contention that modern education in the secular schools is both anti-God and anti-democratic receives support from a quite unlooked-for source. The support issues from the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which prints an article by Dorothy Thompson, entitled: *Youth Challenges Education*. In this article, Miss Thompson publishes a lengthy letter addressed to the president of one of the most prominent Eastern universities by an undergraduate of the institution. This letter, Miss Thompson comments, sums up admirably "the dilemma of our 'educated' youth." Condensed and paraphrased, the communication runs as follows:

"You, sir, were trained from your earliest years in an atmosphere of traditional Christianity and

democracy. Your education was based on the teachings of Jesus. You were taught that there are immutable principles of right and wrong, that man is superior to animals and possesses a free will and certain inalienable rights. Loyalty to country was an ideal held up to your generation.

"But what about us, the youth of America? What is your university and other similar institutions of learning throughout the land teaching us to revere?

"Your instructors in sociology tell us that morals are merely relative, that they change from period to period, from place to place. Your professors of natural science, philosophy and ancient history inform us that religions are the product of myth and superstition, and cast grave doubts on the existence of the human soul. Your biology courses tell us that man is just an animal, merely one species of mammal, while your psychology lecturers teach us that man has no free will.

"As the spokesman for a floundering generation, may I ask your help in answering certain questions so desperately important to us that the whole course of our lives hangs in the balance?

"If the implications of modern education are what they appear to be, what becomes of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth? Since sociology infers that sin is non-existent, why should we restrain ourselves in any way? If the teachings in American halls of learning are valid, does it not then follow that might makes right?

"If man is but an animal, how do you justify those inalienable rights which the Declaration of Independence asserts men to possess? Animals have no rights. If man is incapable of a free choice, what becomes of democracy? What good is his vote? Why have trials by jury, or civil liberties?

"Personally, I fail to understand how you, or any other college president, can expect us to become ardent Christians and democrats when the vital postulates on which these faiths are supposed to rest are daily undermined in the classroom. One thing is certain; you and other educators throughout the nation are now rearing a brood of potential Fascists. The sacredness of the old ideals is fast being abolished, and no alternative proposed.

"If sin is non-existent, why not slaughter minorities? What objection can there be to a dictator, if man possesses no natural rights? You may as well face the brute fact that our education has made the difference between us and you far more profound and revolutionary than any normal variation in generations. If our outlook is ever to rise above a selfish materialism, somehow, somewhere, we must find an answer to our questions."

Miss Thompson's article, in its devastating indictment of modern secular education, says, in a very eloquent and forcible manner, what Catholic publications have been saying for years. It testifies powerfully to the soundness of the Catholic attitude toward the secular school.

The four-reel preview is finished. It gives only an obscure picture of what the final and full vindication of the Catholic position will be like. Just the faintest idea.



# WANTING A PERFECT TOWN WE DIAGNOSED OUR OFFICIALS

## FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN

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HERE, in this fifteen-thousand-population town, a group of us met and talked of the future. Experts had come in to look us over. They had set up budgets and reorganized police departments and revised city charters from one end of the country to the other. So, they knew what they were doing. They investigated us, shook their heads, and went away. As they were leaving, though, one of them turned to me and said: "We expect to find such conditions in some of the larger, more backward towns, but never, in all our travels, have we come across exactly such conditions in the smaller towns."

We took that as a challenge. If conditions were so glaringly bad, we said to ourselves, it ought to be the easiest thing in the world to find the weaknesses and eliminate them. But, when we came to do it—well, that was another matter!

To start with, we found that our city charter was admittedly bad. As one of the investigators reported: "Ninety per cent of it is either repetitious or meaningless, and most of the other ten per cent needs revising."

Still, it had been patterned on that of a neighboring town, which seemed to be prospering despite its faulty governing instrument. So we decided that perhaps that should not be our first point of attack. Perhaps there was something even more vital involved.

We said to ourselves: "Suppose we were going to build exactly the sort of town we wanted. Where should we start?"

A minister in the group suggested: "A clean town—morally and physically."

"Well, that just means better police and street departments," someone answered.

"An efficient town!" a banker volunteered.

"That means a city council that would run this town the way a big corporation would be run," we commented, hopelessly.

So it went. For five or ten minutes, we argued round and round that simple, basic problem: "If we don't like things as they are, what under the sun do we want?"

Then, suddenly, we realized that every answer that we gave brought us right back to a single, important element—to *people*, to the *human equation*.

It seemed pretty smart to start our arguing right there. "If we could have exactly the sort of city officials we wanted, what special qualities would we want them to have?"

As we thought it over, that seemed pretty sensible. Because, as we looked around us, we saw that lots of towns that had broken-reed city-charters but first-rate city officials were getting along very well. On the other hand, a lot of good, sound skeletons of city organizations had been so mishandled by greedy or stupid officials that they were nothing more than little heaps of bleached bones now. Man, the individual; man, the law-maker, seemed the hero or the villain we would have to hunt out eventually.

"All right, then," we said to ourselves, "suppose we were making a mayor. What three principal abilities would we pump into him?"

Then we all stopped. That had us bluffed. The answer was not an easy one. We wore down a handful of pencils before we finally agreed on these three: *vision*; *executive ability*; *diplomacy*. As I look back on that choice, six months later, they still sound pretty good.

Vision! They tell us that without vision a people perishes. We know that is true right here in our little town. We are seeing it proved before our very eyes today. People are paying with their homes, possibly with their lives, because we, the law-givers, lacked vision. Later, I hope to tell about that, right here in this Review.

On the other hand, down the road about twenty-five miles from us is a flower-garden town, a tiny subdivision of paradise. What makes it so different from our lovely but struggling little town? Vision! That is all! City planning! Looking ahead twenty years instead of getting hypnotized by the gold which interested parties are pushing across the counter to you.

Executive ability we took almost for granted in our good mayor. And, diplomacy! We knew he ought to have this. He is the one element that can tie a ward-divided town together. If he has diplomacy, he can often talk five grabby Councilmen, hungry for loot and votes, into forgetting themselves for a while and "giving the whole town a break."

As to the qualifications of our ideal Councilman, we enumerated: *honesty*, *intelligence* and *good judgment*. You will notice that we put honesty first. Maybe we are touchy on the subject. Maybe we have paid so long and so hard through the nose that, whenever we think "Councilman," we start praying for honesty. But we mean honesty not only in dollars and cents, though we can use plenty

of that. We mean honesty in purpose, in intent, in motive. The sort of honesty that is as good as a bond. The sort that is above politics and expediency. The sort that looks at a situation and does not ask: "What am I going to get out of this?" but does ask rather: "How will this proposal help the town?"

After honesty, we placed intelligence. We had seen all too many high-minded officials setting off with brilliant hopes of working all the way for the town. But, sooner or later, as the football writers put it, they have been "mouse-trapped" by the powers of evil, who are working twenty-five hours a day on this job of using city government for their own profit. They have become guilty of acts which were just as crooked and just as disastrous as though they had realized fully the malice of what they were doing.

Finally, we added good judgment, which seemed a twin brother of intelligence until we picked them apart. Between intelligence and good judgment, we saw a real distinction. I am sure we have all known college professors who would be rated tops in any intelligence quiz but who could not be trusted to set up a family budget or buy themselves a decent-looking necktie. Those fellows have intelligence in plenty, but it is balanced by a big minus-quantity of good judgment.

When we came to the qualifications for City Attorney, we debated long and loudly. We recalled that Disraeli had once said that every lawyer goes through three phases. First, he wants to get on; then, he wants to get honor; and, finally, he wants to get honest. We wanted to make sure that our ideal Attorney was definitely and permanently in the third phase.

Our resulting first choice of traits, it seems to me, hit the high-point for the evening. We picked *integrity*. Now, that is a mighty fine word; just the word we wanted in order to say what we were trying to say. It meant wholeness of fidelity, unimpaired loyalty to truth. We had seen too many City Attorneys who kept inside legal limits but who sold their cities "down the river" for a measly few hundreds of dollars in "retainer fees."

After integrity, of course, we placed legal ability, but I do think it is worth noting that sheer ability meant less to us than intent and motive.

Finally, we added personality. The Attorney has to represent the city at public functions. He has to argue its cases in court. So, it seemed important that he have a friendly, forthright, reassuring personality instead of being either a human bear, fox, or skunk.

Mayor, Council and City Attorney were the three legs on which the milking-stool of our city government stood. So we spent considerable time and care in describing them.

City Engineers, City Clerks, Fire Chiefs, Police Chiefs, and Treasurers, on the other hand, are pretty closely hedged around by charter provisions and departmental limitations. So, we picked only two instead of three traits for them.

The Engineer, we agreed, should have: first, technical knowledge; and second, administrative

ability to help him plan jobs and handle men. The City Clerk should be both methodical and accurate. The Fire Chief should have both good judgment and bravery. Significantly, we placed good judgment ahead of bravery. In other words, it occurred to us that it was a lot better to have a man who could decide when not to dash into a blazing building than to have one so chock-full of courage that he would rush in where even sightseers feared to tread. The Police Chief should use fairness in his decisions and have an analytical mind. Bravery for working out cases did not seem important to us, especially in a Chief, whose primary job should be behind a desk.

Our Treasurer would have foresight and accounting knowledge, and again, interestingly, we placed the more spiritual quality ahead of the purely intellectual. Foresight growing out of vision; his being able to see the city ten years from now, and to use his accounting knowledge to set up funds toward that end. Those were the qualities we would look for in the ideal Treasurer.

"Now, what does all this mean to us?" we finally asked ourselves. "Why did we spend all this time? What, after all, are we going to do about it?" In the first place, in the future, we are going to go about building our Perfect City knowing a lot more definitely than we used to just what we are going to put into it.

We are going to put, first of all, *people*, city officials, into our perfect city government. Laws, statute books, charters are not very important. Good city officials will give us a clean city even with bad laws. Bad officials will laugh at even the tightest set of rules.

Next, we are going to examine the hearts not the heads of these *people*. If their motives are clean; if they are planning for the welfare of the whole town instead of merely their own little bailiwick, they will fit into our picture a lot more snugly than if they were mental wizards with festering hearts.

Then, we are going to work out a plan with them. We are going to concentrate not only on *today* but on *twenty years from now*. We are going to draw a blue-print of the probable expansion of our boundaries, the probable movements of populations, the logical places for business and residences. This is not so hard as it sounds. Many towns are doing it right now.

And finally, we are going to look ourselves over to see whether we are as good and as unselfish as we want our representatives to be.

As a matter of fact, the task we have set for ourselves will never be done. We are reaching toward a goal that moves away from us as fast as we approach it. As we grow, as our civic consciousness grows, our vision of the Perfect City will grow, too. Each mile of progress will have to buoy us up to try harder, not to pat ourselves on the shoulder and forget about what we are trying ultimately to accomplish.

We will not get ideal officials for many a long year—but we shall get better ones than if we had not studied this scheme of the Perfect City.



# STRAIGHT FROM THE LIPS OF MRS. CROWLEY HERSELF

DORAN HURLEY

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ALL the world loves a wedding and, in this, the Old Parish is as worldly as Vanity Fair. You may well imagine the like of the excitement there has been, then, since first we learned that our Constance Casey was to be a June bride. It has had us all agog for weeks.

Dame Rumor is not a member of our parish in good standing. At least she is never listed in the Parish Bulletin as a contributor to the monthly collection. But she has been working overtime for us lately. What with the flight of Hess and Constance Casey's marriage the poor thing must be all but done in.

The story that Constance was to be a bride was around the parish in no time; but there was the dickens and all of a job to try to get any real news about it. Connie was out of town to New York City visiting the Madames that she studied college with; and her father, Mike, although usually a very congenial man was as close-mouthed as a clam, telling everybody that Connie would make her own announcements in her own good time. It was impossible even to find out the lucky man's name.

We knew, of course, that he must be an out-of-towner. It would take a smarter miss than Constance Casey to be going out with anybody in the Old Parish, or even in Millington, without some one of us spotting them and passing the good word on.

Mary Ellen Shea immediately leaped to the conclusion that the man was a "foreigner," probably someone Constance had picked up with in Paris, France or Rome, Italy, when she was over there taking art studies with the Madames. If Mrs. Patrick Crowley had not put a peremptory stop to Mary Ellen's idle chatter, it is hard to say to just what lengths her imagination might not have carried her. Mary is a devotee of the earlier mid-Victorian works of Christian Reid. She saw Connie's intended clearly as a tall, dark man with magnetic eyes and a waxed mustache. But worse than that she had somehow convinced herself that he was marrying Constance not merely for her money alone, but to plant Fascism in the Old Parish.

However, as day after day went by and still the man's name was unknown to us, there was more than one story went about the parish. Perhaps not quite as far-fetched as those of Mary Shea's imagining, but not very complimentary to Constance and her choice at that. As Aggie Kelly put it, "We all have a right to think."

When you considered that Connie wouldn't come home so people could ask her right out about the fellow and the wedding, and whether it was just going to be the family, and where were they going to live, and all the things that as neighbors we

should be supposed to know, it looked very funny. And with Mike Casey so withdrawn, even from Mrs. Crowley, and she taking extra pains to give him an opening only when she was buying his very best steak, there could be only one conclusion.

It was very obvious that Constance Casey for all her glib talk about intellectual Catholicism and the Encyclicals, for all she paraded down the broad aisle each Sunday with a missal as big as the Life of Pope Leo, was making a *mixed marriage*!

It was easy to see that the father was taking it very hard. The mother is dead and Constance, the only child, is the apple of his eye. And after all the money he spent on her, too, giving her the best of everything always, now for her to do the likes of this to him. People said that you could see that he would never hold up his head again, and there were those who wondered whether or not he'd lose the rectory trade.

Aggie Kelly heard that the fellow would not even make the promises so that they could be married in the rectory; and Mary Shea enlarged on that, unconsciously, so that the stories grew wilder by the minute. That he was a Fourth Degree Mason we knew without telling; but old Ned Meehan had it . . . wherever he got it . . . that he was a new kind of Orangeman gotten out by the Nazis and that he had told Mike Casey to his face, "To heck with the Pope."

And Mrs. Patrick Crowley said not once but several times, "If I had that silly little fool, Constance, here I'd feel like wringing her neck. Indeed, she'd get the like of a talking to that she'd never forget and not get over in a hurry. Throwing away her immortal soul for a cad like that." And Reverend Mother at the convent said that really she couldn't blame Mrs. Crowley, and that she simply couldn't understand it, and that all the nuns were praying that it would all turn out all right somehow.

Aggie Kelly said that she wouldn't go to that wedding if they paid her, and indeed we all felt the same way about it. Not that anyone seemed to be asking us; for although we watched the mailman like hawks neither to ourselves nor anyone else in the parish did any invitation come. Frank Cahill, the letter carrier, was as interested as any of us, but he had to admit that he hadn't handled anything in the least resembling a wedding envelope. Aggie Kelly gave him an old one she had as a sample to match, just in case he spied anything; but the nearest he could come to it was a heavy linen envelope that went to the new pastor. And Bessie Cleary, the housekeeper at the rectory, said all that amounted to was an announcement of an exhibition of religious art.

Aggie, in conversation with Katie Sullivan, Tim's wife, supposed with a sniff that Miss Constance would be married in a traveling suit with a hat on, which to Agnes would not mean marriage at all. We all well know that if and when the day comes, the train on her dress will reach from the sanctuary gates to the vestibule. Still another theory was that Connie was to have a whole troupe of bridesmaids but that they were to be girls she had gone to school with in foreign parts, and that she

was asking no one from the Old Parish to attend her. That school insisted that it was the way she was spending money like water in New York on her trousseau, beside the big wedding settlement the Count insisted upon, that was driving Casey's gray hairs to drink and in sorrow to the grave.

For by this time we had this much straight, that the fellow belonged to the nobility; but which one we hadn't yet discovered. Bessie Cleary, quite by chance and without meaning to, overheard the new pastor speaking to Mike Casey about "the Lord." And Bessie said that you could tell that it was about the wedding they were talking.

So what with this story and that, between the jigs and the reels, as they say, there has been precious little hard work done in the Old Parish in the last several weeks. And when Constance Casey, in person, landed in on the Providence bus on her way home from New York at long last, and took Tom Dooley's cab, he felt it no more than his bounden duty to stop by on the return trip to Paddy Dailey's barbershop to give the boys the benefit of the news, that they might pass it on.

The big news was this, that it was not home he took her, but to the parish convent he had taken her, and that she had given him a note to deliver to Mrs. Patrick Crowley once he had dropped her off. Tim Sullivan, coming in just then, said he had seen Mrs. Crowley kiting over in the direction of the convent and so fast that she didn't see him. Something was up, surely; but whether it was that Constance shook the fellow, or the fellow shook her, we had to wait to find out.

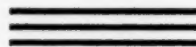
Well, you could have knocked the biggest of us over with a pin feather from an Easter chick when the truth of the whole story came out. *Constance Casey* is ENTERING! She is joining an order! The Carmelites!

We had it all from the tremulous lips of Mrs. Patrick Crowley; for Constance, after telling Reverend Mother and Mrs. Patrick and having a last affectionate visit with her father, has gone back to New York on retreat. It was *Our Lord* that Bessie Cleary overheard the new pastor mention to Mike Casey; and the reason Mike has been so cast down is that it is a cloistered order and he may only see Constance for the rest of his life through the screen of a grille. But he is reconciled now and really very happy about it. As Ned Meehan said to him consolingly, a smart girl like Constance will be a Mother Superior in no time.

The Old Parish will be represented at Constance's profession. She asked Mrs. Crowley shyly if she thought anyone would care to come, and that lady answered for all of us that we could conceive of no greater honor. In a sense we feel that through Constance we are re-dedicating to God the Old Parish and ourselves. For the name she has chosen in religion is that of our church, Mary of the Annunciation; and as she enters the convent chapel as a bride of Christ she is going to wear the crinolined wedding gown that Abigail McMahan wore sixty years ago, and the fine net veil that Aggie Kelly gave up to her with the presidency of our Children of Mary.

## ON REPARATION AND THE SACRED HEART

WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S.J.



THERE is no great difficulty in understanding what the word "reparation" means, but there are some puzzles for many of us in the phrase "reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." The solution of the obscurities, it seems, will open our eyes to the beauties of our doctrine and liturgy of the Feast of the Sacred Heart which we celebrate on June 20.

When we have done harm to another, in a big or little way, we feel an impulse to make amends. If our act has caused loss to another, we are impelled (and obliged) to indemnify him. When we have injured others, we try to atone. In general, we seek to repair the damage which our negligence, carelessness, or deliberate malice have effected. This is reparation; this is atonement, *at-one-ment*.

This notion of making reparation belongs to the order between God and man, as well as to that between man and man. Expiation is obviously essential in our relations toward God. Instinct impels us to make expiation; duty commands us; with the grace of Christ we are enabled to offer it.

For Christ expiated for our sins on the cross; He offered satisfaction to God for our sins, and God accepted it. It is asked, then, why *we* need to make any reparation. Saint Augustine answered this question centuries ago: God, Who created thee without thee, does not redeem thee without thee. We must freely accept what Christ has offered; we must be sorry for our sins, disavow our offenses, promise not to repeat them, say that we are done with sin, and ready to undo sin by good acts.

Now, human notions about reparation for sin are as old as sin itself. Man always knew that sin offended God, and that expiation was to be offered. Men can know much more keenly and emphatically how much sin offends God, when he realizes that God sent His only-begotten Son in flesh to redeem the sins of the world. For what is sensible and outward impresses us deeply. It may be difficult for us to realize how the transcendent and infinitely perfect God is offended by our misdoings, for the consideration is abstract, even if deeply compelling. But when we see Christ in agony, scourged, crowned with thorns, bearing the cross and being nailed to it, we have a document and proof written with the very Blood of God to tell us how deeply our sins have offended the Father of mercies. Since the time of the Christian dispensation, then, reparation has been offered to God through Christ, the Priest and Victim. Since the holy Mass is the reiterated offering of the expiatory sacrifice of Calvary, reparation has been made especially in union with the sacrifice of the altar.

A still further development came into the liturgical and devotional life of the Church nearly four



centuries ago. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was new only in the sense that it crystallized and laid emphasis on points already contained in the doctrine of the Church.

Our Redemption was wrought because God loved us. Our sins have offended His love. Now the heart is the *symbol* of love. The actual, fleshly Heart of Christ stands as a symbol of His love of man. But in Christ there is a twofold love. He is God and loves us infinitely. He is Man, and His human love of us is a most perfect outward manifestation of the infinite love of God for man.

We have sinned. Ingratitude has been our answer to the ever-bountiful gifts of God's love toward us in the natural order. Ingratitude through sin has been our sorry requital to Him for His infinitely better gifts of the order of grace. We are aware, then, of the insults which we have flung back into the face of God in response to the benefits which He gives. We see the ugly heap of our own misdoings; we can gaze without much effort on what meets the eye when we look upon the world and see its accumulated sins, sprung from the deliberate errors of man's mind, the chosen objects of his wayward will, the daring pursuits of his passions, prejudices and weaknesses.

Our realization of the insult done to God through sin is always an inadequate one; our picture of it is very small and its terrible lines are not plain to our eyes. But insufficient and feeble as it is, it enables us in some measure to enter compassionately into the feelings of Christ in the garden of Olivet. It was there that He saw the terrible vision of all the sins of the world in all their ugliness and horror; the human mind of Christ could enter into the mind of God about sin penetratingly, and thus it is not surprising that the vision which rose up before His human mind so weighted Him down in soul and body that His straining Heart drove His tumultuous blood out through the pores of His body. The blood which came when the thorns touched His head and when the thongs cut His back and when the nails pierced His hands, did not flow with one-thousandth the agony of that which was driven from His weakening frame during the vision of sin.

On the cross, after the Saviour died, the arm of Longinus drove the spearpoint into the stilled Heart of the God-Man. He did not suffer at all when the lance touched him. Yet in this event we see the symbol of the Heart which is pierced by the sins of man. The story of the deed of Longinus is read in the Gospel of the Mass of the Sacred Heart. The deed and its significance are alluded to in the liturgy briefly and poignantly.

In the second quatrain of the hymn recited at Vespers in the Breviary on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, we read:

*Vibrantis hastam militis  
Peccata nostra dirigunt  
Ferrumque dirae cuspidis  
Mortale crimen acuit.*

A spear is thrust by a soldier's arm,  
Our sins supply the strength to harm,  
The barbed point was sharpened on.  
The cruel forge of human wrong.

In the third quatrain of the hymn of Lauds, in the same Office, we recite:

*Te vulneratum caritas  
Ictu patenti voluit  
Amoris invisibilis  
Ut veneremur vulnera.*

Your love desired a deathly blow  
To make a wound where we could know  
By sight how keen was the chagrin  
Of love unmeasured and unseen.

Here we have, among other purposes mentioned in the hymn, a reason why the Heart was laid open on the cross. Another reason is found in the next quatrain, and this will serve to come to another element in the devotion to the Heart of Christ:

*Hoc sub amoris symbolo  
Passus cruenta et mystica  
Utrumque sacrificium  
Christus sacerdos obtulit.*

This wound of love is but a sign  
Of twofold sacrifice entwined,  
One by the Priest and Victim's blood,  
The same again on the mystic rood.

The reason why reparation is offered to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is plain. His love was shown in the sacrifice of Calvary; Holy Mass is the commemoration of His death and sacrifice. Further, in the revelations of Christ to Saint Margaret Mary, He revealed that men's indifference to, coldness toward, and profanation of the Sacrament of love were the dread occasion of deep offense and terrible sorrow. Consequently, to expiate for insults done to God in the unparalleled gift of Himself to us has always been a special feature of the devotion.

But this raises a last question. Christ is in His glory; He is beyond pain, sorrow and suffering. The Heart which is present on the altar is the Eucharistic Heart of the risen and glorified Christ. How can our sins sadden Him? In the Offertory of the Mass, we hear Him say: "I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none; and for one that would comfort me, and I found none." Is there reality beneath this bit of liturgy? Again, in an antiphon we hear Christ: "According to the multitude of my sorrows in my Heart, thy consolations have comforted my soul." Have we really consoled Him by reparation?

Pope Pius XI has the pithiest and clearest solution of this question in his *Encyclical on the Sacred Heart (Misericordissimus Redemptor)*. Our *foreseen* sins, each one of them, caused Christ's sorrows and pains. Our *foreseen* acts of reparation likewise eased the agonies of the God-Man. Is there not terrible reality in the suffering caused by an insult which infallibly will fall? Picture a mother who knows that a son will insult her! Here is God, Creator and Redeemer, with love ten thousand times more deep than maternal love! Likewise, our reparation, infallibly foreseen in all its love and zeal, availed to assuage the sorrows of the Heart of Christ. How much more easy and real is this expiation, to which duty and instinct compel us, when it is made directly and affectionately to the Sacred Heart of the God-Man!

## THE CHIEF JUSTICE RETIRES

NOT as a complete surprise comes the resignation of Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, made known on June 3. Thirty-six years of public life are usually considered enough for anybody. Nevertheless, Justice Hughes bade defiance to caution imposed by age when he began his career as Chief Justice on February 3, 1930, at the age of sixty-eight. To all outward appearances, his mental and physical faculties continue unimpaired, and it would have equally failed to surprise us if he had continued in office for another decade.

The great length of Justice Hughes' career and the variety of offices which he filled make it no easy matter to form a satisfying appraisal of his principal merits to lasting fame. Many volumes are needed to record all the doings, sayings and opinions of a man who has twice been Governor of the State of New York, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Secretary of State, candidate for the Presidency, president of the Court of International Justice at the Hague and Chief Justice of the United States. As in all such instances, the events that are nearest to us take on the greatest prominence. The attention of the public has been absorbed during the last four or five years with the dramatic changes that affected the composition and functions of the Supreme Court and has been focused on the social legislation that accompanied them, legislation in which the Chief Justice played a decisive part. He upheld the constitutionality of the National Labor Relations Act, social-security legislation, the second AAA, the second Guffey Coal Law. He established a reputation for firmness in the defense of the rights of the individual citizen when matters involving these rights were brought to his judicial attention. Notable in this respect was his decision in the case of the Communist, Dirk de Jonge, involving the right of free speech and assembly.

Time and the clearing of smoke from contemporary battles will be needed in order to disengage what is most original in Justice Hughes' career. Innumerable useless disputes were closed by his clear-sighted verdict in the matter of the State's right to provide free textbooks for children in schools not supported by public taxes. He established once and for all the simple principle that the child, not the school nor the religious body owning the school, is the beneficiary of the law.

In later years, historians may recall, especially, his unique exposure of abuses in the life-insurance companies in 1905; or his brilliant display of legal talent in the Minnesota Rate Case, by some regarded as his crowning achievement. Others will cite his work as Governor, or his conduct of the Washington Arms Conference.

Whatever the future's judgment may be, the present must regret the passage from the nation's chief tribunal of one of its most balanced judicial minds, impartial not from indifference but from the very immensity of his knowledge and the multiplicity of his sympathies.

## EDITOR

## THE NEW WORLD ORDER

THE POPE, on Pentecost, proclaimed a truly pentecostal message, worthy of Peter and of Paul, of Leo XIII and Pius XI. His small-size encyclical re-emphasizes the rights of the individual, the right of private property, the rights and the equality of the laboring man, the rights of the family, the basic principles that are inherent in society, and the function of government as a regulator but not as a controller of man and of the society formed by him. It is a magnificent exposition of some of the pertinent and essential elements that must be incorporated in the new world order after the war.

## CLEARING THE

GENERAL tone of press comments on the President's address of May 27 is not altogether reassuring. Despite the President's own avoidance of definite and specific belligerent commitments the impression prevails that such commitments are bound to follow, from the very nature of an "unlimited emergency."

Whatever be the truth as to this conclusion, one thing is plain. Now is the time, before any further commitments *do* occur, to make known with the utmost clarity to Congress and to the President the opposition of the majority in our country to entrance into the war, and with equal clarity, our definite reasons for this opposition.

To assume that the nation is being driven into the war by forces quite beyond its control and that there is nothing that you, or I, or anyone else can possibly do about it is sheer defeatism. If we were to acquiesce in such a notion, it would be the best possible proof that this nation is neither able nor willing to govern itself.

Millions of people in the United States are profoundly convinced of the folly of rushing headlong and unprepared into a disastrous war. But not all those millions are making their voices heard or using the influence that as citizens they might exert in order to restrain our Government from such a course. The reason for their hesitation is not entirely timidity about letting their opinions be made public. Private opinions, in our times, are usually spread abroad through organized public agen-



## THE BEST AMERICANISM

THROUGHOUT his address, the Holy Father kept insisting on the concept of the human personality, of freedom and of liberty. The words uttered on Pentecost by the Pope are in full accord with the best, sanest and traditional concepts of Americanism. And yet, the petty liberals and the sour-souled bigots tried to read Fascism and Nazism between the clear, straight lines of this honest and sincere document. To them we declare: The Pope and the Vatican and the Catholic Church are *not* Fascist, are *not* Nazi, are *not* Communistic, but are totally opposed to all totalitarian dictatorships.

## THE ANTI-WAR ISSUE

cies; but such an agency usually takes on a special color from the mentality and the associations of those who are responsible for it.

The need of alertness even in a matter where bold assertion is required, has been impressed on the American anti-war public by the tactics of the Communists. These made, at the outset, desperate efforts to capture for their "peace front" everyone and anyone who was opposed to America's participation in the war. But their efforts failed; the public refused to be fooled. Nazi and pro-Bundist elements and outright pacifists were repelled with equal vigor. But the clearing of the anti-war cause from subversive, harmful or erroneous associations is not enough. It should be disassociated, at a crisis like this, from even legitimate political affiliations, from various worthy causes and political theories, from personalities whose appeal is necessarily limited by national or local associations. It is not a time for even the most innocent ax-grinding or quests for leadership. The matter is too desperately urgent for anything but the naked presentation of a simple and overwhelming argument: that the country is not prepared, and being unprepared we court disaster by entering the war.

There is no more direct manner to achieve this end than for the people to take this protest into their own hands. We can speak, write, telegraph to our own representatives and to the President. Let us act directly before the true issue is lost and confused in irrelevant discussion.

## THE HOLY FATHER'S BROADCAST

NO message of confusion, no whirling words of propaganda came from the Vatican aerial on Pentecost Sunday, when the Holy Father broadcast his tribute to the golden jubilee of *Rerum Novarum*. His apparatus, he observed, could "transmit only words animated with the consoling spirit" of the first Pentecost when they came from the lips of Saint Peter.

The Pope made no attempt to prophecy concerning the dark mystery of the post-war world. He contented himself with tracing, from the firm foundations laid by Leo XIII, certain great fundamental values of social reconstruction which would have to be taken into consideration in any new order of things. If these things had been considered in the past and they will be in the future, there would, in all probability, be no war today. These three fundamental values he designated as the use of material goods, labor and the family.

Rights of the Church to speak upon these matters were sharply vindicated in a passage of especial significance, in view of Fascist and Nazi insistence that the Church concern itself only with the purely spiritual and supernatural world, and leave all matters touching social conditions to the state, errors into which Catholics themselves have fallen. Such "deplorable trends," says the Pope, do not mean "increase" but mean "decomposition" and "corruption" of the religious life. "As if," he says, "there had not lived for the past 2,000 years in the Church the sense of the collective responsibility of all for all," shown by the Church's constant effort "to create social conditions which alone are capable of making possible and feasible for all a life worthy of a man and of a Christian."

Against totalitarian usurpations, the Pope insists upon the rights that "are imposed upon and conceded to the individual in the first instance by nature and not by society as if man were a mere slave or official of the community." Among these rights he includes the right of employers and workers to organize. The state may intervene in certain emergencies but it cannot "abolish or render impossible the exercise of other rights and duties equally personal, such as the right to give God His due worship, the right to marry, the right of husband and wife to lead a married domestic life, the right to reasonable liberty in the choice of a state of life and the fulfilment of a true [religious or priestly] vocation."

With regard to material goods, the Holy Father makes an observation that sorely touches us here in the United States, with a growing proletariat and incredible inequalities of annual income among the citizens of the wealthiest nation in the world. The economic riches of a people, he notes, are not to be estimated merely by the balance sheet of so-called national income, but by the "just distribution" of the nation's goods. If these goods are maldistributed, the nation would really not be economically rich but poor. But if a "distribution is effected genuinely and permanently" you will see a people,

"even if it disposes of less goods, making itself economically sound."

Loud clamor of the Nazis for *Lebensraum* or "vital space" is squarely met with a startling but simple counter-proposal. Instead of vital space for the nation, the Volk or the community, the Holy Father asks: "Should not one, before all else, think of the vital space of the family and free it of the fetters of conditions which do not permit even to formulate the idea of a homestead of one's own?"

The right of the family to a vital space he bases directly on the teachings of the *Rerum Novarum*. Its practical bearing is that every family is entitled to its "plot of ground" where it can raise what is needed for its sustenance. If this plot cannot be obtained at home, it has the right to obtain it by emigration, and the message advocates agricultural colonies adapted to that purpose. Nations which possess spare land should welcome agricultural immigrants, for the whole earth belongs to the whole human race, and should admit them generously to citizenship.

Agricultural life, therefore, is closely linked up in the Pontiff's mind with the "healthy liberty" the family needs in order that it may enjoy "physical, spiritual and religious welfare."

In the social, as in the religious, field, the Pope can tolerate no "widespread public mediocrity." The "noble flame" of a "brotherly social spirit" which was kindled fifty years ago by Leo XIII must not "die quenched by an unworthy, timid, cautious inaction in face of the needs of the poor among our brethren, or be overcome by the dust and dirt carried by the whirlwind of the anti-Christian or non-Christian spirit."

## EMPEROR WILLIAM II

THOUGH not noted for reticence, the late Kaiser Wilhelm II left behind him some unanswered questions. Nobody could elicit from the exile of Doorn any opinion as to Hitler. A certain type of war and scare propaganda conferred a superficial resemblance upon the two men, but in reality an abyss existed between their respective aims and characters, and of this none was more aware than Germany's former monarch.

Was the Kaiser informed, immediately after its issuance on August 1, 1917, of the full content of the Papal peace note, with its detailed peace proposals to be laid before the warring Powers? This had been prepared for by the Papal message brought to him personally on June 29, of the same year by the Nuntius, Cardinal Pacelli. Former Reich Chancellor Michaelis, who shares the guilt with the Allied politicians of having "sunk" these proposals, asserted at a later date that he gave that information. But apparently the Kaiser received only a vague and general description. If he had known the proposals of Benedict XV in detail and how far the matter had progressed on the Allied side, the world's history might have been changed. This circumstance adds one more note of tragedy to an already tragic figure.

## SPREADING THE GOSPEL

AFTER nineteen centuries, during which the Church has preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the greater part of mankind still follows after strange gods. Of the hundreds of millions of people in the world today, only a minority call themselves Christians. It may seem strange that this is true, but true it is, and that is why, in the spirit of the parable told in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xiv, 16-24) Pius XI wrote, in one of his Encyclicals, that of all works of the Catholic Church, "the greatest and holiest is that of the missions."

As we read the parable, we see that the "great supper" will in the end have a large number of guests, but among them will be none of those who were first invited. The Jews who heard Our Lord understood well that by this supper He meant the Kingdom which He had come to establish on earth. They had been the Chosen People, but since they would not listen to Christ, the invitation first addressed to them was to be given to the poor, the feeble, the blind, the lame, and to strangers met along the highways and under the hedges. No longer was the invitation to enter into the Kingdom to be restricted to the Jews, but to be extended to all men, in every station, wherever they might be found.

Here we see the reason for the Church's zeal in spreading the Gospel. From the days of the Apostles, the Church has never ceased to send missionaries to every part of the world, and in spite of the special difficulties of these troubled years, the missionary endeavors of Bishops, priests, Sisters, and the laity have never been carried on with greater zeal. If these missionaries can bring the Gospel of Christ to a nation that has never heard His saving Name, and if in that nation they can win one soul to Christ, they count all their labors and sufferings as Joy. Even when their message is at first rejected, it can never be wholly lost. They sow in tears and sorrow, and after their day another missionary will reap in the fields which they untiringly made ready. That has been the history of the missions throughout the centuries.

It is worthy of note in this parable that the special invitations to the "great supper" were not rudely refused, but merely declined with excuses. By God's grace, we have been brought into the Church, wherein the great supper is spread, but when the Master invites us to go up higher, we, too, offer bland excuses. We are Catholics, but we are not very good Catholics, and the reason is that we are so taken up with farms, oxen, trumpety family affairs, and other things of purely temporal moment, that we hardly hear His gracious invitation.

It is good to be interested in the salvation and sanctification of a soul in Central Africa. But it is better to be interested in the salvation of one soul here in the United States, our own. That is not selfishness, but heavenly prudence, a prudence, moreover, which makes our concern for others more genuine and more fruitful. God is not glorified by a zeal which may end in our becoming cast-aways.



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## "SICUT ACIES ORDINATA"

EDITOR: Sunday afternoon I went to the May crowning. Flowers, candles, the afternoon sun shining through beautiful windows, and loveliest of all the children—happy, smiling children, joyously paying tribute to Our Blessed Mother. And I thought, as I always do at May services of the May Vespers in a little town I knew in Poland.

Flowers were there, too—flowers brought from their own gardens and arranged by loving hands. The church was always full. Most of the people were peasants, men and women with toil-worn hands who had been working in the fields since early morning and would continue through the long twilight, yet could set aside this hour for her whom they call Queen of Poland.

There are no May Vespers in Poland now. A terrible power who hates Christianity, which he terms Jewish bunk, is ruling there now. Priests are tortured and insulted, churches despoiled, and worship forbidden. There will be no Corpus Christi procession there this year, with the whole village, old and young, carrying tall candles through the winding streets. The young men are in Nazi labor camps. The old people and children are too hungry to march through the streets, even if the terrible power allowed it.

As I watched our well-fed children and their well-dressed parents paying their tribute to our Blessed Mother, I wondered if she was happy to think that we, in our safety, were saying that we must save ourselves from the horrors of what we call the European war while our brothers in Poland, her children, too, are being denied even the right to the Sacraments? I could almost hear her say: "Won't you help my suffering children by destroying this terrible power which would wipe out the religion of my Son?"

It is easy to pray for peace. And very safe. Sometimes, however, God asks us to sacrifice, even our lives, to help make our prayers come true.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

(MRS.) MARJORIE P. HOINKO

## WHOSE WAR?

EDITOR: Your correspondent, T.J.S. (AMERICA, May 24), claims that he speaks "as a Catholic and nothing else" and, after spewing his invective on Catholic editors for not praising England "even a little," goes on to state that a Hitler victory would prove a disaster for the Church; and he ends up with the conclusion that "this is our war." In his second communication he flatters me by devoting so much space to a discussion over my initials.

T.J.S. offers no proof for any of his statements and wants me to prove that his conclusions are

wrong. What an order! Others, more capable than I, have demonstrated efficiently that this is an economical war to protect trade rights, commercial privileges and imperial power and not a crusade or holy war, as T.J.S. would have us believe. The whirling dervishes who whoop up religion, morality, democracy and all that sort of thing in trying to sell us the idea that this is a holy war are working overtime. Furthermore, if this were a holy war, our Catholic editors would not have waited for T.J.S. to tell them that "this is our war." . . .

It appears to me that T.J.S. is interested in Christianity as much as England herself is and would willingly enlist the aid of Russia to wipe out the Nazi menace to the Church.

Boston, Mass.

J. P. R.

## SLOVENE MONASTERY

EDITOR: Father Schmall (AMERICA, June 7) is slightly in error.

The Slovenian monastery to which I referred has nothing whatever to do with St. Procopius Abbey. It is a Franciscan monastery, and its foundation was reported in the press *after* the *Catholic Directory* had come off the press, and it was said to be the first Slovenian monastery in the United States. The date line was Chicago, but the exact place was not mentioned.

Therefore the monastery does not figure in the *Catholic Directory*, and it certainly is not at Lisle.

New York, N. Y.

H. C. WATTS

## INDIAN WRONGS

EDITOR: Exactly what is the United States Indian Field Service accomplishing for the individual Indian to warrant an expenditure of \$30,000,000 to maintain the bureaucracy? Among the 300,000 Indians in the United States, who are supposed to benefit by "health service, financial advice, legal counsel, and even spiritual guidance" from the bureaucrats, there are thousands that are hungry, thousands who do not see \$110 in a year—each Indian's share of the thirty millions.

There are thousands who will die before calling a Government doctor, who submit to financial guidance and who repudiate with all their hearts the back-to-paganism drive in the Indian country which emanates from officialdom and betrays itself in the official Department publication.

The public should be disillusioned of the idea that the Indians are given direct support from the Government funds. Be it known now and hereafter that individual, *per capita* payments given out from superintendents' offices are all derived from Indian resources—tribal funds, rented lands belonging to the individual Indians. Pay day for the In-

dians has no connection with the dole or with Uncle Sam in the role of Santa Claus. Uncle Sam collects from the renters of Indian lands or other resources and pays to the Indian what is rightfully his. The money is not out of taxpayers' pockets, as is generally supposed.

Hence, the plight of Indians not allotted on the reservations or of those living on reservations without good farm land, timber, water rights, or mining claims. It is true that the Government is trying to buy back land to provide for the young Indians who were not provided for in the original allotments, but it is slow business and, in the meantime, there is much want among this not inconsiderable number.

There are whole sections where a desperate Indian has no recourse in case of dire need. The benevolent Government officials complain of red tape, the State and County agencies refuse aid with the excuse that Indians are wards of the Government, and should be cared for by the reservation officials. It is a pitiful journey from Pilate to Herod in nine cases out of ten. There are more starving Indians per unit of population than in any other under-privileged group in the country. Were it not for the traditional gathering of roots and berries, Indian mothers could not hold their families together.

Washington, D. C.

J. R. G.

## THOREAU, NOT WILDE

EDITOR: With all respect for Wilde and his aphorisms (*Philip Barry, Paradox and Poet*, AMERICA, May 31), I simply have to observe that the Wildean aphorism, "most men lead lives of quiet desperation," was poached from an innocent little treatise on social and political science written long before New England's *Indian Summer* by one of the boys from Concord. Only Thoreau, in his *Walden*, Chapter I, paragraph 9, wrote "the mass of men" instead of "most men."

It is indicated that Barry reads his Thoreau. Perhaps Wilde did too.

The rest of paragraph 9 is all right too:

What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things.

Alas for the bravery of the desperate minks and muskrats!

Dubuque, Iowa

MARY ELLEN EVANS

## SOME FIRSTS

EDITOR: The recent distribution of the first edition of the *New Testament* recalls a historic incident of special interest. The first New York edition of the *New Testament* was published in 1805 by Bernard Dornin from his book store in Pearl Street, but, believe it or not, all the work on it—the composition, lay-out, printing and binding—was

done by Thomas Kirk, a sturdy Irish Methodist, across the East River in the Village of Brooklyn. This edition now is rare, and Finotti in his *Americana* gives this as the title page:

*New Testament. Brooklyn.  
Printed by T. Kirk for Campbell and  
Mitchell . . . D. Smith and B.  
Dornin, Booksellers, New York, 1805*

Dornin was our first exclusive Catholic publisher, and seems to have wandered about, for he had shops in Newburgh, N. Y., in New York City, Baltimore and Philadelphia. He died in Ohio in 1836, after seventy-five years. His son, A. T. Dornin, was a commodore in the United States Navy. According to the old-time custom a list of the subscribers to the books Dornin published is printed as a sort of appendix to each of them and now these lists make a sort of Catholic *Who's Who* for those days.

Thomas Kirk came to New York from Ireland in 1790, driven out like other Non-Conformists by the tithe and other exactions by the Anglican Church "by law established." He moved to Brooklyn in 1799 and set up his efficient printing plant in Adams Street, near the ferry, which was then the commercial center. He started the first Brooklyn paper, the *Long Island Courier* in 1799, which lasted several years; and then in 1809 he began another, the *Long Island Star*, which he sold to Alden Spooner in 1809. He was an ardent follower of Thomas Jefferson and in his paper waged a trenchant controversy with Coleman, the editor of Alexander Hamilton's Federalist *Evening Post*, over the then political issue of the Alien and Sedition laws which had had such a serious effect on the fortunes of the United Irishmen refugees of the rebellion of 1798, who wanted to come to the United States. In addition to his printing plant Kirk ran a book shop in which he sold hymn books and religious books and, although there were very few Catholics in Brooklyn then, he had Butler's *Lives of the Saints* and other devotional material for them. He also had translated from the French and published, a book on the intellectual faculties of Negroes written by the famous Henri Gregoire, Bishop of Blois.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

T. F. M.

## GRATITUDE

EDITOR: My congratulations to Parochus (AMERICA, May 24) for writing as he did regarding people who start their letters: "Why don't the priests—?"

Why don't some of our people show a little more respect and admiration for what their priests do?

If they were in Europe it would be a different story. Thank goodness, most of our people appreciate their priests.

West Newton, Mass. (MRS.) J. M. O'CONNOR

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## ADVICE TO BYZANTINE BRIDES

JOHN LaFARGE

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THE most spacious church ever built by man was the Church of Hagia Sophia, or the Holy Wisdom, in Constantinople. There are a few buildings that have larger actual dimensions, such as the Basilica of Saint Peter, in Rome, but these other great churches are enlarged editions of smaller buildings. Hagia Sophia was planned in every detail as a vast church. Its plan makes for immensity, for unified greatness. Space itself is part of the design.

There is a spot on the floor of that church, they say, which the sun shines upon at exactly ten o'clock on a certain day in the year. The Emperor stood upon that spot at that hour each year when the Holy Liturgy, the Mass of Saint John Chrysostom, was celebrated. The rays that streamed down through the drifting motes under the softly curved vaults formed a halo around the Emperor's head and blended with the majesty of the solemn and impressive service.

Some such sun must have been shining the day that Chrysostom himself preached in that same cathedral upon the concerns and problems of brides. Whether it was a May morning or a June morning I do not know, but anyhow it seems to have been an interlude in more somber subjects. Did the reflections uttered by Chrysostom aid in arousing the ire of the haughty Empress Eudoxia? Did they strike too close to home in view of the ways of the imperial ménage? Again I can only conjecture. The main concern is what he really said.

The Saint proposes that at some appropriate moment during the honeymoon the groom should have a quiet little conversation with his bride.

The conversation, he is careful to say, should be most tender. In no manner at all should the groom appear to lay down the law to his little wife. He should accompany it by sweet blandishments and endearments. Though she is now in his power and has promised, as she ought, to love and obey him all the days of her life as the head of the family, under God—none the less it is a rule of gentleness. He must not attempt any he-man gruffness; no swaggering or masterful ways. Rather he shall appeal to reason, to wisdom, to common sense, to her idealism, to all that she herself cherishes: to that holy treasure of wonderful spiritual things which they hold in common.

What, then, is the groom to talk about on this

important occasion? He is to discourse, gently but firmly, on economics.

Saint John does not propose the husband shall straightway produce a ledger, rubber-stamp its various headings, and introduce her to an auditor. Rather he wishes to have the bride agree to the principle of the thing. If that is allowed, the rest will follow in due course.

"Let him teach her, then," he observes, "that poverty is no evil. Let him teach her, not by what he says only, but also by what he does. . . . Let him, as if he had an image given into his hands to mold, let him, from that very evening on which he first receives her into the bridal chamber, teach her temperance, gentleness and how to live modestly, casting down the love of money at once from the outset and from the very threshold."

Since he was preaching to the court, I presume the Saint's audience was made up largely of persons of wealth. The advice seems to be directed particularly to fit the case of brides who have cast happy anchor in a peaceful matrimonial port, where they are beyond the reach of storms and the "sided hail" of economic insecurity. None the less, knowing human nature, the Saint makes no exceptions. He understands that a universal law of living is implied. He knows that a couple who live in a walk-up with a kitchenette can, if they are so minded, be quite as worldly as if they were solicited for interviews to advertise Zebra cigarettes.

Lest he be accused of uttering mere generalities, Chrysostom descends into Byzantine particulars.

Wives, observes Chrysostom, are not to be disturbed about the display made by other persons' wives. They are not to reproach their husbands and call them "spiritless poor fish" because some other lady drives out every day in a golden chariot with two white mules and a liveried footman. They are not to torment their husbands with the attempt to keep up with the neighbors.

The groom is to persuade his beloved "never to have bits of gold hanging at her ears, and down her cheeks, and laid round about her neck, nor laid up about the chamber, nor gold and costly tissues."

But he is no Puritan, no rigorist. "Let her dress be handsome, still let not what is handsome deviate into finery. No, leave these things to the people of the stage. Adorn your house and yourself with

all possible neatness, so as rather to breathe an air of soberness than any other perfume."

Coming still more to the point, he makes a suggestion which would lead to some very curious complications in our times. He proposes that superfluous wedding gifts be returned to their owners. First, he says, "the bride will not be grieved when the apartments are opened, and the tissues, and the golden ornaments, and the silver vessels, are sent back to their several owners." If that is the way they did things in good old Byzantium, no wonder young newlyweds needed to be prepared for grief. Custom or not, Chrysostom apparently thinks it was not at all a bad idea.

"I am aware," says Chrysostom, "that I shall appear ridiculous to many persons, in laying down laws on such points. Still, nevertheless, if you will but listen to me, as time goes on, and you shall reap the benefit of the practice, then you will understand its advantage. And the laughter will pass off, and you will laugh at the present fashion, and will see that the practice now is really of silly children and of drunken men. Whereas what I recommend now is the part of soberness, and wisdom and of the sublimest way of life."

Arriving at this point in my reminiscences of Saint John Chrysostom, I feel descending on my pate an accumulated weight of irate feminine questioning as to what, please, the bride was to do in the way of admonishing the groom? Surely there was much to be urged upon *him* about not bending too readily the masculine elbow over the golden beaker nor dallying in the glittering haunts of pleasure while wifey was home listing all the to-be-returned wedding presents. But the Saint is too wary to be caught thus napping. He is careful to point out that what the husband recommends to the wife must come as an expression of his own heart, his love of wisdom and holy living and his own personal love of frugality because *she* is so great a treasure for him that nothing besides her is worth a penny. It is all very neat, and you just cannot get away from it.

Besides, the male folk were the objects of his merciless pulpit denunciations Sunday after Sunday in the great Cathedral. They had to be there, for the Emperor, not to speak of the Empress, kept an august eye upon them.

Bitter sorrows and jealousies of later years will teach many a married couple the corroding influence love of money exercises on the very heart of conjugal life. What Chrysostom wishes to do, is to forestall this devastating discovery. He wants the foul thing exorcized from the beginning, in the first rosy dawn of that great mystical day whose sunset will blend into the changeless ring of eternity.

I am not urging any couples this June to return their wedding presents, though I wonder what on earth they are going to do with some of the department-store products that their fashionable friends, if they have such, have felt bound to inflict upon them. But I do urge them to pass a few hours in spiritual communion with Saint John Chrysostom on their honeymoon. From his astringent wisdom they will one day reap exceeding savory fruit.

## THOUGHT ON SIR HUGH WALPOLE

HAROLD C. GARDINER

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THE recent death of Hugh Walpole has set me off on a little literary sleuthing, with some interesting results. You may remember the splendid and sympathetic description, in *The Bright Pavilions*, of the martyrdom of the Jesuit, Blessed Edmund Campion. Well, it turns out, on a little search, that Henry Walpole, the gay young blade, who was converted through that martyrdom, and later was to imitate it, was an ancestor of the author. I am not very good at this business of tracing genealogies, but it is all down in black and white in the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*—at least, the chart there given takes us down to the Walpoles who were the first Earls of Orford. The famous "Horry" Walpole was the fourth Earl, and Sir Hugh was a descendant of his.

Now, Blessed Edmund Campion, had he chosen to write his masterpiece in ink rather than in blood, would have been a literary genius. Certainly his *Open Letter to Queen Elizabeth* is one of the most gloriously moving things I have ever read in English. And it was the blood of this literary martyr that began the conversion of Henry Walpole, who was later to be a martyr, too. And so (why not?) perhaps it was this noble blood, the most splendid in all his lineage, that was working to the surface in the late Sir Hugh. For certainly his later work was becoming more and more sympathetic to the Faith—*The Bright Pavilions* and *Roman Fountain*.

Now, all this leads to an observation which may seem rash, but which I think is true and which sheds some light on the rather touchy problem of Anglo-American relations. It strikes me that most of the things we do not like about the English (we exaggerate them, of course, as they exaggerate our defects, mainly because of the movies) are qualities that were engrafted on the English character during and after the Reformation.

Certainly we feel a deep spiritual kinship for men such as Campion and Saint Thomas More, for Chaucer and Newman. The ties that bind them to us are the ties of a common Western culture that goes far deeper than a mere matter of language. And even when that common spiritual culture is as attenuated, as it was in the person of Hugh Walpole, we still feel closer to him than we do to a Huxley or a Morgan.

Sir Hugh did fine service to the common cause of letters, by acting as a sort of liaison officer. He introduced English authors to us and our authors to the English, and for that, as well as for his own work, he will be held in grateful memory. But he who will do the finest work in that field will be the man who can re-introduce America to the real England, which was and is still, Catholic England.



# BOOKS

## PERPLEXED NO-MAN'S-LAND OF THE REVOLUTION

THE NEUTRAL GROUND. By Frank O. Hough. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.75

WHAT Kenneth Roberts was apparently trying to do in two novels, Mr. Hough has done in one. Mr. Roberts' two long works, *Rabble in Arms* and *Oliver Wiswell*, if put together like a composite picture, will outline quite well the confusion, the heart searching and doubt and indecision that was the lot of so many in Revolutionary times. But because Mr. Roberts' rebels were all too black in *Oliver Wiswell*, and all too white in *Rabble in Arms*, it took the two volumes to bring about a proper focus.

In *The Neutral Ground*, the author has avoided this over-simplification. This results in the novel's not falling into the clear-cut outlines of Mr. Roberts' work, but it gives much more verisimilitude to the story, just because the times were, for so many, confusing and not clear.

Westchester County, in New York, where the action centers, lay, for most of the Revolution, between the opposing lines. The people who remained there, through fear of taking refuge behind either line, and thereby identifying themselves with either cause, or through simple dogged determination to cling to their homes and property, were, for the most part, neither Tory nor Rebel. They were simply Americans caught between the millstones, and they were ground exceedingly fine. Raiding and foraging parties swept like plagues over this once rich land, and their story is that of all the world's little people in wartime.

The main story of the novel, however, is that of three well drawn characters, Robert Trowbridge, who joins the American Army, Samuel Hilton, his friend, who hates war, but takes up arms for the British, and Catherine Van Drusen, who loses the graciousness and ease of her old life in the County, only to find, through war, a promise of happiness as the wife of Robert Trowbridge.

The action is rapid, and many of the minor characters are strikingly well drawn, in particular, the hard-riding Westchester Guides, whose exploits were a mixture of Homer and John Bunyan. There are two rather needlessly frank passages, but all in all, Mr. Hough has written a stirring historical novel that describes with insight the birth-pains of a nation. DONALD G. GWYNN

## SANE AND HONEST PLEA FOR UNITY OF PURPOSE

UNITED WE STAND! By Hanson W. Baldwin. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$3

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Curiously enough, the high spot of this book is not the part which tells of ships, guns, tanks, planes and bases. Because of the bitter controversy now splitting America into two hostile camps, there is a chapter, "For What Should We Fight?" which overshadows interest in these war gadgets. Here the author turns grim

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realist and invokes expediency. Three principles guide him, self preservation, democracy, national unity. While he believes that because of our superior resources we could ultimately win a war against Germany, he would have us first count the cost in blood and property, the danger to our culture and our institutions and the risk of internal revolution. And after victory, what? Perhaps another war in a world lapsed into barbarism.

War would probably mean sending a vast army across the seas to land in the face of an enemy. Again, the American people do not want to go to war. The author deplors the abdication of authority by Congress, regrets the passage of the "lease-lend" bill, and tells us that if the President pushes us into war now, the nation will suffer.

Finally, we cannot enter the war now, because there is no unity in this land. Here he lays down a basic military principle: "No modern war can be waged successfully without the wholehearted and enthusiastic cooperation of fully ninety percent of the people."

Our defense plans reveal neither clarity of thought nor unity of purpose. We have yet to acquire the needed base on the eastern shoulder of Brazil. Nor can we afford to fight on two oceans simultaneously. No milling crowds demand war with Japan. Let us not goad her to desperation. Since long range bombers are America's first line of defense, we should retain practically all the heavy long-range bombers we are able to produce. There is no substitute for time. "Money cannot buy yesterday." In spite of the President's words, we are not going to produce 500 planes a day or 200 planes a day within six months or twelve months. There is no danger of invasion. This hemisphere contains all essential raw materials. Our first duty is the defense of the Americas.

There are valuable notes and an appendix. A sane book, pleading for unity of plan and purpose.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

## COGENT CRITICISMS OF A LITERARY ADVOCATE

THE WRITINGS OF MARGARET FULLER. By Mason Wade.  
The Viking Press. \$5

MR. WADE is the author of an excellent biography of Margaret Fuller and this companion volume of selections from her work is an ably-edited and useful book. The writings of Margaret Fuller were dispersed through forgotten periodicals and available in corrupted and bowdlerized book versions; the present volume represents the only practical alternative to long and tedious research among much immaterial stuff. In a short preface, Mr. Wade reminds us that we must not expect too much; his subject was primarily a literary journalist and advocate, and her early death interrupted her on the brink of a really serious, literary career.

Nevertheless, the section of this book which contains her critical work is impressive. From the statement of her critical creed in the "Essay on Critics" to the very end of the section, there is hardly a paragraph without cogency and illumination, even at the present day. She anticipates modern judgment on most of her contemporaries, Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell, to take outstanding instances. Her work on feminism and her graphic sketches of the Roman rebellion of 1848 smack too much of a nineteenth century special pleader; they are too Dorothy Thompsonian to be important. All in all, Margaret Fuller stands out as a type of articulate, romantic aspiration, a living symbol of the breakdown of orthodox Puritanism and that flattening-out process which gave us, first Emersonian transcendentalism and gracious scepticism, and after that, nothing. For New England died at the top.

Such useful books as this one are a symptom of the healthy trend in American scholarship toward an in-



vestigation of the superb literary material with which the century and a half of our national being has supplied us. If ever we are to have a national culture, it will be formed by a fusion of all the diverse, intellectual elements adrift and separate in our national consciousness. James Russell Lowell and Brander Matthews were among the precursors of this movement toward integration; they sensed the need of it even if they put forward no plan for a synthesis. The often-celebrated virtues of the New England intelligence, the breadth and gusto of the West, the romantic tradition of the South, the hard logic of Catholic thinking, all these qualities and many more would have to be comprehended.

For such a fusion, knowledge is necessary; we must know, appreciate and understand the different elements. Such knowledge is the gift of honest scholarship, such as the recent work of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and the efforts of the present editor. American scholars have spent too much time fussing with the most minor of the minor Caroline poets, and the least of lesser eighteenth century English nonentities; the work of enlightening our American past should be as popular as it would be valuable.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH. By Maurice C. Fields. Pegasus Publishing Co. \$1

THIS Negro poet was twenty-three when he died. A short time before his death he was received into the Catholic Church, and had received Holy Communion the Sunday morning he was accidentally drowned at Brighton Beach in the summer of '38. I know of no poet of our time who, in so few appearances (chiefly in AMERICA, The Interracial Review, and the school paper of Brooklyn College, where he graduated) attracted so much favorable attention.

God had given Fields great gifts as a poet. He had a remarkable feeling for words, a keen sense of color and a rich picturesqueness which, even when fantastic, could not fail to please. In addition, he had an intensity as white-hot as Keats. His defects were few: an occasional obscurity of phrase, for instance, leaving the reader in doubt as to which is the adjective and which the noun in the line (referring to a cat leaving a church) "The patient last to rise." His unpardonable fault was his affectation in the use of French titles.

But underneath all this surface show of so much that is good and so little that is bad, shines the radiantly spiritual, ascetical, almost angelical quality of Fields' soul. In nearly every one of his pieces he gives clear evidence of the vigorous way he sought to sanctify his sufferings with patience, resignation and a most disciplined purity of intention.

The editors of this volume should not have omitted from the twenty-nine poems here presented, two of Fields' best: "Shave by Candlelight" and "Elégie Pour Françoise." The former poem begins with the unbeatable line: "My shadow shaves with me while death looks on"; and the latter is the poet's summation, in unforgettable verse, of his most poignant and most beautiful sorrow.

LEONARD FEENEY

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2

IN this book Mr. Morton has assembled the portraits of twenty-three women of the Bible. Included in this number are such contrasting characters as the strong and generous Ruth and the tyrant and murderess, Jezebel; the loyal and faithful Abigail and the treacherous Delilah.

Mr. Morton's purpose is to symbolize by means of these great women the whole of womanhood which has remained unchanging and unvarying from age to age. He has been successful. For these vignettes, while remaining true to the Biblical characters, represent women whom most persons will meet not too infrequently in the course of their life. There are Marthas and Marys in numerous households; Potiphar's wife is the classic example of a passionate woman scorned; Abigail is the devoted wife of the drunkard; the Queen of Sheba is

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the gracious, and beautiful, and powerful woman who is hungering for a wisdom not of this present world. These have been chosen at random, as examples of the more striking sketches which Mr. Morton has drawn. All, however, are very well done, and are as fascinating as fiction and, in this, live up to the standards of the author's earlier books.

JOHN B. FOX

EXIT LAUGHING. By Irvin S. Cobb. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

COBB once wrote that he was first, last, and all the time, a newspaper reporter, and that was a remarkably keen bit of self-analysis. His stories have all the faults and virtues which a good reporter, given a free rein, would exhibit; they are vivid and amusing, but now and then point and interest are submerged in a flood of verbiage. People take Cobb as he is, and like him or detest him. I think it would be impossible to create a taste for Cobb, as one might cultivate a taste for Camembert or old Kentucky bourbon. *Exit Laughing* is neither the best nor the worst of Cobb's books. It is the essence of all of them in one volume of autobiography. I was disappointed in finding that while Cobb discloses the originals of most of his characters, he fails to mention his engaging "Father Tom Minor," whom I have always taken to be the Rev. Thomas Major, a soldier who rode with John Hunt Morgan under the Stars and Bars, and became a Catholic after the fall of the Confederacy. He died as pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Frankfort, Kentucky, some thirty years ago.

JOHN WILTBYE

R.A.F.: THE STORY OF A BRITISH FIGHTER PILOT. By Keith Ayling. Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50

AS an authoritative and most exciting book, this can be well recommended. The author writes with knowledge. His experience in aviation began as a pilot in World War I and continues to his present association with the R.A.F. His comparisons of aerial warfare in both World Wars is one of the many interesting and instructive features of his book.

Mr. Ayling is a clever writer. He presents his matter under the guise of the journal of an R.A.F. pilot in the present war, stating that, though the journal is fiction, the pilot and his experiences are facts. His volume has the unity of a well-knit drama; yet he imparts, skillfully interwoven with his tale, a wealth of information about the British flying forces. He describes quite completely the R.A.F.—its pilots, planes, organization, history, achievements. The human relations of the airmen among themselves and to their loved ones is sympathetically treated. Aerial combats are vividly portrayed. The strength of the rival air forces in men and material is compared, with the results, of course, favoring the English. We shall wait a long time before another so good a volume on the R.A.F. will appear.

FRANCIS X. CURRAN

DARKNESS AT NOON. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co. \$2

THIS novel is based on the Moscow Trials, several of whose victims were personally known to the author. Their lives have been blended together in the character of Nicolas Rubashov, former People's Commissar, charged with treason. In the silence of his cell, the fallen No. 2 power in the Party reviews the history of its achievements. His mind recoils from the monstrous spectacle of tyranny and injustice which arises from his reflections. Summoned before the examining magistrates in preliminary hearings, he argues the hopeless impossibility of realizing the ideal objects of the revolution through the indefensibly brutal tactics employed to gain them. Presented for public trial, Rubashov pleads guilty to the charge of conspiring against the revolution and is sentenced to receive the inevitable bullet. The story is a powerful exposé of the calculated ruthlessness with which the Communist party operates and liquidates in Russia and gives a hint we hope America can take, of how it would operate here.

MICHAEL J. HARDING



# ART

MY comment on art this week is mixed with my impressions of a club in New Jersey, to which I was invited to view an exhibition of water colors. While the paintings proved attractive, my visit resulted in more interest in the club itself than in the water colors. The Mercier Club at Montclair, where the exhibition was held, is one that is maintained by Catholic young people and draws its membership from the entire district, rather than from a parish or community. It is that unique, and very desirable thing, a social clearing house where Catholic young men and women meet, have musicals, dances, lectures, classes in apologetics and other subjects, and, with desirable frequency, become engaged and marry one another. The statistics on this important by-product of the club's activities are impressive.

The water colors, which were hung in the club lounge, had a special interest for the members, as the painter, Mr. Wilbur McElroy, was well known to some of them before his death in 1940. The exhibition was, therefore, in the nature of a memorial to him and followed a similar display of this work at the University of Notre Dame, where he had once been a student. Included with the water colors were a number of his wood-block color prints, which, while interesting because of the nature of this process, were somewhat reminiscent of Japanese color prints, and not on a par with the water colors. These indicated a youthful delight in the charm of the water-color medium and evidence of a growing ability in its handling. A particular demonstration of this was a Maine winter picture, which showed more control of tonal values and possessed a vital type of simplification.

Small, intimate, exhibitions of minor art, such as this one at the Mercier Club, while not exactly a novelty, are a step in the right direction. They are in general accord with the idea that art should be a familiar feature of everyday life. The entire reasonableness of such an idea should earn it wide support and lessen the tendency to relegate art to cultural shrines, such as museums. These last institutions promote a too worshipful approach to art, one which is furthered by their needlessly grandiose and temple-like architecture. Museums, it may be noted, are somewhat artificial in idea. Being a product of post-Renaissance times, a period when art had ceased to be communal in its inspiration, character and use, they are the creation of an elite class for the display of its somewhat self-conscious cultivation and taste.

Mixed with this less worthy purpose, there has been a relatively unsuccessful attempt to make this museum art serve in lieu of that more essential thing, communal art. Because of their atmosphere of pedantry, and of specialization in the art of various periods, museums unfortunately tend to chill the appreciation of creative work. Many museum directors are conscious of this unhappy fact and the general effort at the moment is to humanize the atmosphere of these tomb-like pantheons of the artistic elect.

While great art, whether in or out of museums, needs no particular defense, minor art is distinctly worthy of a special brief in its behalf. It is too often lightly dismissed by art journalists, largely because it diminishes in appeal and value when compared with greater art. This attitude in writers is defensible because critical appraisal begets the comparison of values; of the greater with the less. The spontaneous, individual character in all genuine art, be it major or minor, is rare enough, however, to make it noteworthy. It is to be enjoyed for what it is in itself, as a product of feeling, thought and skill and without undue comparison with other art.

This exhibition of the Wilbur McElroy paintings at the Mercier Club offered such an opportunity and other Catholic clubs might well follow this precedent and expand their activities.

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# THEATRE

**TWINKLE, LITTLE STARS.** During the week preceding the appearance of these reflections, we were to have had three new plays. They were announced with appropriate cheering. The dates of their openings were given. Then one of them, *Women Aren't Angels*, was officially dropped with a vague suggestion that it may be "revived" in the autumn. The two additional plays are *Snookie*, and *Any Day Now*, the latest offering of the bright young band down at the Studio Theatre in the New School for Social Research.

The Studio Theatre's offering will no doubt be made. The young people who are directing it are still under the spirit of high theatrical tradition. They actually believe in keeping their contracts with the public! *Snookie*, though a Broadway offering, did not, I am happy to say, fade out under shelter of old Commodore Vanderbilt's slogan concerning the public, which the theatre has revived in the past two seasons.

The little intervals in theatrical activities, however, give the reviewers time to glance back over the season. It has been a fine one, and its two best qualities have been the return to New York of a large number of old favorites, and the pale dawn of half a dozen young stars on the theatrical horizon.

To me the most conspicuous arrival among these rising stars is Helen Craig—not because Miss Craig is the best, but because her handicap was the greatest. To act the role of a deaf and dumb girl throughout the progress of an entire and depressing play, calls for some doing. Also, it calls for strong help from the play. The cold truth is that Miss Craig made her notable success not because of *Johnny Belinda*, but despite its weakness. She very nearly wore herself out in her most exacting and difficult role, and she is now taking the rest she so sorely needed. Two substitutes are alternating in the part during her vacation.

The second of the rising stars, Dorothy McGuire in *Claudia*, has had a very different experience. Like Miss Craig, she saw her opportunity and rose to it; but whereas Miss Craig had a tragedy to work with, Miss McGuire had a delightful comedy. It touches deep moments only in the last act and then, necessarily, briefly and rather superficially.

The rest of the time Miss McGuire is a charming bride, deeply in love with her husband, her home and her new life. She has merely to be young and gay, unsophisticated and delightful, and she is all these things. It is an achievement to be them all so naturally, and it sets Miss McGuire's little star in the theatrical sky. But unless I am much mistaken she will not be content till she has a more varied role. She is ambitious and a hard worker.

I have spoken several times of Diana Barrymore, whose eventual place in stardom is a foregone conclusion. I must now offer my tribute to her associate in *The Happy Days*—Joan Tetzel, whose work as a love-sick flapper in that play is really charming and should lead to big things in the future.

Among other claimants to an oncoming stardom, I think of Peggy Conklin in *Mr. and Mrs. North*, of Martha Sleeper in *The Cream in the Well*, of Betty Field in *Flight to the West*, of Shirley Booth and Joe Ann Sayers in *My Sister Eileen*. Their names should be in bright lights over theatre doors some day. Nor must I forget the charming newcomer from Europe, Dolly Haas, who put such beauty into *The Circle of Chalk*, at the Studio Theatre this past Spring. She, too, should go far, if life and playwrights are kind to her.

For, yes, actors and actresses all, the playwrights really have something to do with your stage success, you know! It is not often that, like Miss Craig, a new star can rise in a weak play.

ELIZABETH JORDAN



# FILMS

**SHINING VICTORY.** A. J. Cronin's literary estimates of the medical profession are exalted in general and querulous in particular, owing perhaps to his personal observation of the gap between ideal and practice. This adaptation of a recent play shows his customary seriousness, at times approaching wryness, in treating the plight of a psychiatrist who is not altogether free from inhibitions himself. The doctor's researches on insanity have made him crustaceous when a brilliant young woman, whose ambition is to go with a medical mission to China, becomes his assistant. He dissuades her from leaving him and his work by an offer of marriage but she is killed in a fire set by a jealous rival, and the doctor determines to carry out her ambition in the Orient. Irving Rapper's direction is moody and there is considerable delving into the often twisted motivation of the action which does not relieve the somber outlines. James Stephenson's portrayal of the case-hardened doctor is excellently shaded, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is poignantly serious as the woman who exemplifies medicine brought down to the common denominator of helpfulness to humanity. The film is thoroughly *adult* in spirit and interest and will easily hold those of a clinical turn of mind. (Warner)

**BILLY THE KID.** The violently picturesque legend of Billy the Kid is given some notes of tentative nobility in this excellent film by the simple device of combining the good intentions of his youth with the bloody exploits of his last days. David Miller has stressed the usual active ingredients of horse opera but they are raised to a higher level of credibility by authentic characterization. The Kid joins a gang in gratitude for the rescue of a friend but his first task brings him under the good influence of a boyhood chum. The outlaw turned cowboy is apparently on the road to reformation under the spell of a courageous rancher and his comely sister when a double murder stirs a lust for revenge which leads to his own death. Robert Taylor's recreation of the famous outlaw is impressively realistic, and he is ably supported by Brian Donlevy, Ian Hunter, Gene Lockhart and Mary Howard. The striking effects of the color camera give this Western almost an artistic claim, and its more obvious excitements make it recommended entertainment for the family. (MGM)

**MILLION DOLLAR BABY.** In spite of its frivolous title, this comedy is meant to be lightly inspirational, and it succeeds very well. There is a frankly unreal look to the plot, relating the adventures of a stern old lady bent on giving away a million dollars in order to straighten out an old score, but the film's improbabilities suggest a kind of parable rather than simple ineptness. Kurt Bernhardt's direction is straightforward and sentimental, and May Robson's characterization pulls all the stops on the mellow theme. Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn and Ronald Reagan are fine support in an amiable *adult whimsy*. (Warner)

**ONE NIGHT IN LISBON.** John Van Druten's enervated drawing-room comedy entitled *There's Always Juliet* has been rewritten as a stream-lined and super-virile propaganda drama. The triangular shape of things now concerns an American ferrying planes for Britain, a heroine who coyly decoys the enemy, and a noble naval officer. Their struggles with Nazi espionage are as flatteringly unreal as anything yet imagined by a mission-conscious Hollywood. Edward Griffith's direction is lively and light, with Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray and John Loder carrying on ably, but suggestiveness all around makes this objectionable. (Paramount)

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## EVENTS

THE philosophy that dominates our secular school system in the year 1941 is profoundly different from the philosophy which guided the Founding Fathers of the Republic in the year 1776. . . . The Founding Fathers believed man to be a child of God. . . . The underlying philosophy in the modern secular schools scoffs at the existence of God and holds man to be nothing more than a two-legged beast. . . . Most of the professors in our large universities are propagandists for this philosophy, and propagandists against the philosophy of the Founding Fathers. . . . One can conjecture how different the destiny of this country would have been if these professors had presided at its birth. . . . Imagine the Continental Congress sitting in Philadelphia in the year 1776, with professors of this ilk forming a majority of the body. . . . Picture such a setting. . . . The proposed draft of the Declaration of Independence is being read. . . . *Clerk* (reading): We hold these truths to be self-evident. . . .

*Professors* (from all over the hall): Objections. . . . All Truth is relative. . . . What is true today may be false tomorrow. . . . There is no unchanging Truth. . . .

*John Hancock, President of the Congress:* The objections of the members will be noted, and a vote on the question raised taken later. Resume reading.

*Clerk* (reading on): . . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator. . . .

*Professors* (one after the other): I resent the implication that there is a God. . . .

*John Hancock* (to clerk): Note the objection. Continue reading.

*Clerk* (resuming): . . . with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. . . .

*Professors* (leaping to their feet, voicing their disapproval): Take all that out. Man has no rights except what the State chooses to give him. . . . There's no Creator, therefore no one to give man rights except the State. . . .

*John Hancock:* Objections are noted. Proceed, clerk.

*Clerk* (taking up the manuscript once more): That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men. . . .

*Professors:* No, No, No.

*Clerk* (reading on): . . . deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . .

*Professors:* Men have no free will. They cannot give real consent.

*John Hancock:* Where do Governments get their just powers from, then?

*Professors:* There are no permanent just powers. . . .

*John Hancock* (wiping brow): Very well, submit your proposed changes, and I will put them to a vote.

*Professor A:* (reading altered draft demanded by the professors): We believe truths and morals to be relative, that is, subject to change without notice. In this sense, we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are highly evolved monkeys, that they are endowed by their maker, Evolution, with no unalienable Rights, such as Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to provide subjects, Men are instituted among Governments, deriving rights from the consent of the Government. That whenever Men become destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the Government to alter or abolish them. (The professors being in the majority, their draft is carried). . . .

If the philosophy of the modern secular school had formed the principles for the famous document, it would have read, in more pretentious and cloudier terminology, very much like the above. There would have been no Liberty Bell . . . no reason for the Bell. THE PARADER